

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.

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PT. ALLEGANY 0, SMETHPORT 8.

That Was the Result of the First League Game Here Tuesday.

DENNING PITCHES GREAT BALL.

We Lose to Austin Thursday—Win from Port Allegany Friday—Friday's Game Disputed.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.			
Won	Lost	Per cent.	
Smethport	1	0	1.000
Mt. Jewett	1	0	1.000
Eldred	1	1	.500
Port Allegany	0	2	.000

As clever an exhibition of baseball as one would care to witness was played at Kane field Tuesday afternoon, in the first league game at home, when our boys trounced the Port Allegany team to the tune of 8 to 0. The pitching of Denning, Tall's home run and two bangers when the bases were full and some fast base running and fielding by McCabe at third were the features of the game.

Port Allegany was first at bat. Daniels and Lemon batted to pitcher and Rowley and Thompson followed with hits, but Strohman fanned, relieving danger of scoring. For Smethport McCabe made a single after two were out but the side was retired on Ketter's fly.

In the second inning Port Allegany was retired in order. Smethport scored two runs at this point, Young, drawing a pass advanced on Ramer's grounder to second, McCabe got a life on an error at third and Denning's hit scored both.

Port Allegany only got one man to first in the third. Tall opened for us by driving a long one into the deep water, and although Croissant and Young, each made hits, we could not score again.

There was nothing doing on either side in the fourth and fifth innings, although the visitors got a man to third in each.

The balloon went up for Port in the sixth when Fulton took Ainsworth's place on the rubber, and when the dust cleared away we had scored five more runs. Ramer drew a pass; stole second, McCabe fanned, Denning lived on an error at second, Andrews got another pass and Tall scored the trio with a long drive into center field for two bags. McCabe's hit scored Tall and he stole second and third and scored on Daniels' error at Croissant's fly to second.

After this exhibition only one man on each team reached first base and the game ended with the above score. The summary:

Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels	4	0	0	0	0	0
Everett	1	0	0	0	0	0
Lemon	4	0	0	0	0	0
Rowley	4	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson	4	0	0	0	0	0
Strohman	4	0	0	0	0	0
Young	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fulton	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ainsworth	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	32	0	0	0	0	0

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews	4	1	1	0	0	0
Tall	4	1	1	0	0	0
McCabe	4	1	1	0	0	0
Ketter	4	0	0	0	0	0
Croissant	4	0	0	0	0	0
Young	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ramer	4	0	0	0	0	0
Denning	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	32	3	3	0	0	0

Earned runs—Smethport 8, Port Allegany 0. Stolen bases—McCabe 2, Ketter, Croissant 2, Young, Ramer, McCabe, Thompson, Ainsworth 2. Two base hit—Tall. Bases on balls—Denning 1, off Ainsworth 1, off Fulton 2. Struck out—by Denning 12, by Ainsworth 1, by Fulton 4. Caught—Knapp. Time of game 1:30.

PORT ALLEGANY 0, SMETHPORT 7.

Last Friday afternoon Smethport played its first league game with Port Allegany at that place, the game ending in the middle of the last half of the ninth inning with two Port Allegany men out and one on second base. The score was 7 to 0 in favor of Smethport. The game was started in the rain and the first three innings, which were played in the wet, spoiled the interest in the game. The ball was so slippery neither pitchers nor fielders could handle it and Port Allegany made their six runs and Smethport five during that time. After that the sun came out and a good exhibition was given.

Port Allegany had no umpire on the ground and the writer, Harry L. Backus, was requested to fill that position. Things moved along comparatively smooth until the last of the ninth. When Port Allegany came to bat the score stood 6 to 7 in favor of Smethport. Strohman went out on a fly to center field. Thompson got two bases on an error in center field and attempted to score on Rowley's hit in the same place. While coming down the home stretch Thompson saw Croissant in position to catch the ball that was coming home and deliberately dove into him, knocking him down and the ball went back of the grandstand and Rowley also ran in. The writer, as umpire, called

Thompson out for deliberate interference and placed Rowley back on second base; thus making two men out, a man on second and the score 7 to 6 in Smethport's favor when Port Allegany refused to continue the game. The managers of both teams have since mutually agreed to call the game a draw and play it off later in the season. The summary:	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Smethport	32	7	12	0	0	0
Andrews	4	1	1	0	0	0
McCabe	4	1	1	0	0	0
Ketter	4	0	0	0	0	0
Croissant	4	0	0	0	0	0
Young	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fulton	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ainsworth	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	32	7	12	0	0	0

Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Strohman	4	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson	4	0	0	0	0	0
Rowley	4	0	0	0	0	0
McCabe	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ketter	4	0	0	0	0	0
Croissant	4	0	0	0	0	0
Young	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fulton	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ainsworth	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	32	0	0	0	0	0

Thompson called out—Port Allegany left the field.

Stolen bases—McCabe 2, Fulton 2. Bases on balls—by Fulton 2, by Ainsworth 1. Bases on balls—off Fulton 2, by Ainsworth 1.

AUSTIN 7, SMETHPORT 3.

Last Thursday our bunch of ball tossers journeyed to Austin and in an exciting and fast game were defeated by the team from that place by a score of 7 to 3. Considering the fact that the Austin team is composed of professional players, our "home growing" made a first rate showing. Denning pitched a good game, allowing his opponents but eight hits. The following is a summary:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews	4	0	0	0	0	0
Tall	4	0	0	0	0	0
McCabe	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ketter	4	0	0	0	0	0
Croissant	4	0	0	0	0	0
Young	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fulton	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ainsworth	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	32	0	0	0	0	0

Austin	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Garvey	4	1	1	0	0	0
Boehm	4	1	1	0	0	0
McClure	4	1	1	0	0	0
McClure	4	1	1	0	0	0
Denning	4	1	1	0	0	0
Total	20	4	4	0	0	0

Earned runs—Smethport 3, Austin 7. Stolen bases—Denning, Garvey, Leonard 2. Struck out—by Denning 6, Garvey 2. Bases on balls—off Denning 2, Garvey 2, Leonard 1, off Tall 3, King, Servais 2. Leonard, McCabe. Passed ball—Croissant. Sacrifice hits—Tall, McCabe.

SMETHPORT 1, JOHNSBURG 11.

Our team was defeated at Johnsonburg yesterday by a score of 11 to 1. Details of the game are lacking, and we are unable to state just what was the cause of our defeat.

HOW THEY STAND.

Following are the batting and fielding averages of all the players on the Smethport team, including Tuesday's game. This summary includes all games and has nothing to do with the players' league standing:

Player	G	AB	R	H	Ave.
Daniels	1	14	2	6	.429
Andrews	5	22	5	8	.364
Ketter	2	9	0	3	.333
Stall	4	15	4	5	.333
Denning	10	38	10	12	.316
McCabe	10	38	8	9	.237
Tall	5	18	3	5	.278
Young	9	34	9	9	.265
Croissant	4	16	2	4	.250
King	8	27	6	5	.185
Garrison	4	11	5	2	.182
Ramer	7	25	5	4	.160
Fall	2	10	2	1	.100
McClure	6	25	3	1	.040

Player	G	PO	A	E	Ave.
McClure	6	5	4	0	1.000
Stall	4	1	0	0	1.000
Ketter	2	21	1	0	1.000
Hall	2	5	4	1	.917
Croissant	10	82	10	10	.902
Young	10	20	4	4	.864
Andrews	10	14	1	3	.833
Daniels	1	4	5	9	.324
Denning	10	19	12	7	.816
McCabe	10	22	16	9	.811
Tall	5	7	15	5	.800
Fulton	4	1	8	2	.778
Ramer	7	3	0	3	.725
King	8	18	11	12	.708
Garrison	4	2	4	5	.545
F. Denning	1	0	0	1	.000

LEAGUE GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

July 20, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Aug. 3, Eldred at Port Allegany.
Aug. 5, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 8, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 9, Smethport at Eldred.
Aug. 12, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Aug. 10, Eldred at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 19, Smethport at Port Allegany.
Aug. 22, Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.
Aug. 23, Eldred at Smethport.
Aug. 26, Port Allegany at Eldred.
Aug. 30, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 1, Eldred at Port Allegany.
Sept. 2, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Sept. 7, Port Allegany at Smethport.
Sept. 9, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Sept. 14, Eldred at Smethport.
Sept. 15, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 20, Smethport at Eldred; Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.

Four furnished rooms for rent. Inquire of Maurice Hall.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Ray, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp, aged three years and ten months, died Tuesday night Jan. 19, 1875. He was the brightest and dearest of a peculiarly intelligent family of children, and the bereaved father and mother have the kindest sympathies of all.

We regret to learn that Rev. C. A. Dillin, for some months pastor of the Baptist Church in this place has tendered his resignation as pastor. During his stay here Rev. Dillin has gained a host of friends who will regret the necessity of his departure.

Last Saturday a citizen of Norwich township drove into this borough from that township with a sick man in his sleigh. He drove to the Baptist church, and leaving his burden there came on the street and persuaded one of our citizens to go and look at him. When they reached him he appeared to be dying, and was immediately removed to Dr. H. L. McCoy's drug store for treatment. From there he was removed to the residence of Mr. Richard Hasey. He was dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs, and Monday morning he died. He was a workman on the railroad, without any money, or friends as far as heard from, and had to be buried by the town.

A train with which were several cars loaded with coal—the first consignment for Buffalo from the Banter Hill mines, over the McKean and Buffalo Railroad—met with a serious mishap a few days ago. Between Ischia and Arende the train encountered a broken rail, threw it off the track and capsizing two of the coal cars. It is bad luck enough to dump the coal, but we hope the same misfortune will not attend the first passenger train from our new road.

The jury in the Crow case went out Friday noon, and after an imprisonment of twenty-four hours, brought in their verdict about noon on Saturday. Guilty of manslaughter. The judge immediately sentenced him to pay a fine of five dollars and undergo an imprisonment of five years in the Western Penitentiary.

Reed Fuller, in Smethport by G. M. Smith J. P. at his residence, Mr. Philander Reed, of Potter county, and Miss Mary Fuller of Norwich.

Davis Powers, in Norwich township by A. P. Brewer J. P. at the residence of W. P. Rowley, Feb. 27, 1875. Mr. G. P. Davis of Norwich, and Miss Margaret J. Powers, of Buffalo.

Mr. E. Canfield, who was badly burned at the late fire in Emporium, died on Saturday morning March 6, 1875.

In 1874 ninety-eight persons were killed on the Erie Railroad at an expense to the road of \$104,738.14 or about \$900 per head. And yet to kill Indians it costs the government over \$5,000 per head. It shows once more that it is not possible for the government to compete successfully with private enterprise. Give the red men free passes and keep them traveling pretty steadily and the Indian problem is solved.

Dr. E. G. Brown, of Port Allegany, has entered into a partnership with Dr. Freeman of this place, and in a few days will be prepared to make calls his profession. Office in the store of A. B. Armstrong & Co. Dr. Brown is a recent graduate of the Buffalo Medical College, having graduated with the highest honors. Although young in his profession, we predict that he will soon win a place in the foremost rank.

Attention, geography class! There are now thirty-eight states in the union. Last week there were only thirty-seven.

Abby Pratt, of Norwich Pa., Mar. 8, 1875, by Mr. A. P. Brewer, Esq. J. P. Mr. John D. Abbey to Miss Mary A. Pratt, both of Keating township.

Hyde Oriant, of Norwich Pa., Mar. 8, 1875, by Mr. A. P. Brewer, Esq. J. P. Mr. Newton N. Hyde to Miss Ellen B. Oriant, both of Keating township.

We understand that a new grocery store has been opened at the east end of Main St. by Dr. W. Y. McCoy & Son. County Commissioners Smith and Sparks, with Clerk Chadwick, started for Warren on Monday, on business relative to the construction of our new jail.

The Masonic Lodge of Smethport will hold but one meeting each month hereafter. The regular communications occur on the fourth Wednesday of each month.

Debbie Deblies—At the residence of the brides father in Hamilton tp., by G. M. Smith, J. P., March 21, 1875, Mr. Jacob Deblies, of Reynoldsville, Jefferson Co. Pa., and Miss Arvilla Fields.

Morrow—At Bradford, on the 18th inst. W. J. Morrow, aged fifty years, eleven months and fifteen days.

A loving husband, an honorable and honored citizen; a Master Mason, whose precious jewels were Friendship, Morality, and Brotherly Love.

Dr. H. L. McCoy has purchased a fine lot of B. L. Knapp on King street, and contemplating building thereon a comfortable residence this season.

For the best shears, scissors, razors and cutlery of all kinds for ours. Fully guaranteed. Holmes & Giddilan.

FATAL COLLISION ON THE P. R. R.

Freight Trains Collide Near Delevan, N. Y. Three Men Killed.

FRANK BEDFORD WAS A VICTIM.

Misunderstanding of Orders Said to be the Cause of Accident—Many Cars Destroyed.

In a collision between two Pennsylvania freight trains near Delevan, N. Y., Monday morning three Buffalo railroad men were killed and one was painfully injured. The dead are:

Frederick McCarthy, fireman.
Winslow P. Cullinan, brakeman.
Frank Bedford, engineer.

Engineer W. McCleary jumped before the crash, time and escaped with a broken shoulder.
Frank Bedford formerly resided at Clermont and was well known throughout this section of the country where he has numerous friends. The tragic death of this popular engineer came as a sad blow to them who knew him as an honest and industrious man.

Neither Bedford or his fireman, McCarthy, had time to jump. When the two trains collided, fireman McCarthy was in the act of throwing coal into the furnace. The door was wide open and the jar of the collision threw McCarthy's head and shoulders into the flames. He was burned to death. His body was the first one recovered.

About twenty cars were wrecked and so great was the force of the collision that the tank on the extra was thrown on top of the engines. Coal and merchandise were piled 40 feet high. The wrecking crew were unable to recover the bodies of Bedford and Cullinan all day Monday. They were underneath the wreckage of about twenty cars.

The body of W. P. Cullinan, the brakeman, was found Tuesday morning after he had laid under the wreckage about 24 hours. It was so badly mangled as to be almost unrecognizable. Frank Bedford's body had not been recovered up to noon Tuesday. This search gives some idea of the extent of the wreck, which destroyed about 80 freight cars, reducing them to kindling wood, besides the complete destruction of the two locomotives. The wrecking train made a hole through the wreckage by 8 o'clock Monday night, so that passenger trains could get through.

The accident, it is believed, investigation will show, was caused by the misunderstanding of orders by Conductor Heath, who was in charge of an extra southbound freight. The men killed were members of the crew of the regular northbound freight and had orders to pass the extra at Machias Junction.

Conductor Cox, who was in charge of the northbound train, has been in three wrecks, the last one at Shippen's a week ago Saturday.

All of the men killed in the wreck were Brotherhood men and carried insurance in the Pennsylvania Company, besides.

Fell Forty Feet.

Bradford Bra: Mrs. J. R. Carroll of No. 29 West Corydon street, was the victim on Saturday afternoon of a serious accident. The lady's husband, his brother, Edward Carroll, and sister, Mrs. Buchanan of Travers City, Mich., were with her on a sight-seeing trip to Rock City. Between 2 and 3 o'clock they were on the great rock formations at that place and were enjoying the view when the accident occurred. Mrs. Carroll seated herself on a bench which stood about six feet from the edge of a fissure and as she did so, the bench, not being properly braced, tipped over. Mrs. Carroll was buried backward to the edge of the rock and plunged over it and into the chasm. On the way to the bottom she struck against a projection where a tree clings to the sides of the rock. This tossed her to the other side of the fissure and when she struck the ground, 40 feet below the elevation from which the woman had fallen, it was supposed that she had been killed.

Mrs. Carroll's friends lost no time in reaching her side. She was unconscious and found to be badly bruised. She was carried to the Bon Air hotel immediately and Dr. Benninghoff, of this city was summoned.

Sunday evening a telephone message from the Bon Air hotel, where Mrs. Carroll is under treatment, stated that she was resting as comfortably as could be expected and had good prospects of recovery, unless possible internal injuries, whose presence had not yet been established, should complicate matters.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alto, Pa.

Seventy-Five Positions.

Seventy-five graduates of Westbrook Academy have taken good positions the past year. Send for a list of the names.

England Is Angry.

The action of the Russian fleet in sinking the British steamer, Knight Commander, is said to be by Premier Balfour a breach of international law. So breach it is. There seems to be little doubt but that Russia will apologize handsomely and pay a large indemnity. The Russians claim that the cargo of the Knight Commander contained munitions of war, consigned to a Japanese port, and there is not much question but that such was the case. The sinking of the ship by the Russians has caused the British lion to roar to such an extent that other war news is temporarily eclipsed. Such high-handed proceedings would be characteristic of England under similar warfare conditions.

The Japanese are still active in the vicinity of Port Arthur and are becoming very strongly entrenched. A dispatch in this morning's Era says:

Between 40,000 and 50,000 of the Japanese are operating before Port Arthur. The troops maintain a constant exchange of skirmishing fire, but the field or other guns are usually silent. The Japanese, apparently, are conducting a slow, engineering advance. Often in the morning the Russians discover fresh trenches. The Japanese are compelled to abandon this work in the day time, as the Russians regularly open fire on them so soon as daylight discloses the work.

The Gallup Reunion.

The descendants of Nathaniel Gallup, well known pioneer settler of McKean county, held a reunion at Harpersburg, three miles south of Smethport, Tuesday, July 26th. This was the first assembling of the family and was responded to by about one hundred and fifty of its members residing in Pennsylvania and New York.

The welcoming address was given by Fred D. Gallup of Smethport. A paper tracing the history of the family from its origin in England to the present time, was read by Mrs. Waverly Gifford. An elegant repast was then served to which all did ample justice, while the Chandler orchestra played selections. A permanent organization was established and a meeting appointed for the third Tuesday in August of the ensuing year.

The family are assisting in the erection of a monument to the memory of Captain John Gallup of Scamblington, Connecticut, who lost his life in King Phillip's war. This fund was originated some years ago by Mrs. Caroline Gallup Reed of New York City, who interested English relatives in the project at that time.

Much credit is due Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup, chairman of the committee of arrangements, for her untiring efforts to make the reunion a success, and who was ably assisted by Bela Gallup of Port Allegany and by J. C. Gallup and Mrs. W. Gifford of this place.

Gun-Club Shoot.

Three members of the Mt. Alto Gun Club came down here last Friday afternoon and participated in a 45-bird shoot with a delegation from the Smethport Gun Club, the home team winning by a final score of 95 to 81. These scores were made out of a possible 135, which shows fairly good shooting on both sides. After the shoot refreshments were served and all had a very pleasant time. Following is the score:

Smethport First String.	
Bacon	10111 01111 11000—10
Burdick	11011 01101 11111—12
Walsh	01110 10101 11101—10
Mt. Alto First String.	
Gary	11100 01111 01101—10
Quinn, M. A.	00111 11100 11101—10
Quinn, H. H.	00100 11100 11101—8
Smethport Second String.	
Burdick	11110 10101 11101—11
Bacon	01110 01101 11001—10
Walsh	11111 11101 10111—13

When Grandma Came

By C. B. Lewis

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Young Lucien Davis, son of the village builder, had been courting Tilly Spooner, daughter of the village miller, for six months or more when Grandma Whitbeck came on a visit. She was mother to Mrs. Davis, and although over sixty years old it was her boast that she could still make things hum. Lucien was her favorite grandchild, and she made no secret of the fact that she had made her will in his favor. In her western home she had heard that he was "keeping company" with a girl, and that that reason, more than any other, brought her east in midwinter.

Grandma Whitbeck arrived in January at an unfortunate hour. The river running through the village was frozen two feet thick and was being used as a boulevard and race course by every villager who had a horse and cutter. There were some good horses and some drivers who were anxious to lead the procession, and among the latter was Lucien Davis. It was a natural thing that Tilly Spooner should be with him as he drove and that she should clap her hands in glee when the cutter crossed the line fifty feet ahead of the next best horse for ten miles around. Grandma happened to be crossing the bridge during one of the trials of speed and saw it all, and as she continued to gaze her jaw began to set.

"The idea of it—the idea!" she muttered to herself. "My favorite grandson has not only turned to horse racing, but that gal he is as good as engaged to a slicker than the best she knows how. I've got to see about this thing right away."

She did. She hadn't got her horses off before she was saying to her daughter:

"Sarah Davis, it seems as if Providence had sent me here at this time. Do you know what Lucien is doing at this very minute?"

"He's driving on the ice, I believe," was the reply.

"Driving? Why, he's horse racing, that's what he's doing—up and down the ice—split and that Spooner gal, about who you've all been writhing so much, is in the cutter with him and a slicker than I."

"I stopped on the bridge and saw it all, and I'm going to tell you right out plain that I'm ashamed of you. I never expected to live to see the day when you and James would see Lucien become a horse racer and a gambler and a murderer and never even advise him again."

"Come, come, mother!" cried the daughter. "They may be driving fast, but they're not driving to the south of Europe."



"LUCIEN DAVIS, MAKE YOUR HORSE GET UP AND GO!"

and one horse may come out ahead of the other, but it's not horse racing. There are people driving on the ice who belong to the church. It's simply recreation. I was driving with Lucien myself yesterday, and I enjoyed it immensely."

"Don't talk to me, Sarah Davis! I know it has been with me since I was born, but I know that horse racing leads to gambling and ruin. If I could see you and your father and mother and in you, when I was here last year you were splitting wood and studying your Sunday school lesson all the time. When I come this time I find you horse racing, and on your way to state's prison. I feel it my duty to save you if I can, and I'm going to try and think up a way to do it."

The idea was to propitiate grandma as much as possible, and yet Lucien did not cease to "horse race" now and then and to take Tilly Spooner along as before. The family would have liked to bring about an introduction between the girl and the old lady, but it was looked upon as too risky. Little was said after the first two or three days, but grandma kept up a great thinking, with the result that one day, two weeks later, she slipped out of the house and made a call at Spooner's. It was a call that left its mark. She reproved Mrs. Spooner, wondered what sort of a man Mr. Spooner was and wound up by calling Tilly an impudent rascal. Of course, there were results, and those results made at least two hearts ache. Lucien was informed in plain English that if he didn't "drop that gal" he would be dropped out of

grandma's will, and though he refused to be bullied, the situation became strained and anything but pleasant. It was Tilly herself who solved the problem where others failed, to see a glimmer of light.

One day Lucien had business over toward Liverpool, and as it was a bright February day he asked grandma to go along. She was glad to get out and see the country, and she meant to take advantage of the occasion to have a long private talk with the young man. After a drive of two miles and a halt at a farmhouse for a moment Lucien headed the horse back home, and before grandma knew where she was the outfit was on the ice along with twenty others.

"Lucien, what does this mean?" she demanded.

"It's our nearest way home, grandma."

The horse started off at a good pace, but after a couple of minutes two or three others began to draw up to him. In five minutes Grandma Whitbeck began to wriggle around. In six or seven she became so nervous that she asked:

"Lucien, what do these fellows back there want?"

"They want to pass me and cross over it," he replied.

Just then two of the cutters did pass, and the drivers looked back and grinned. Lucien held his horse down, however, and he pretended not to mind it when he was passed by two or three others.

"You see, I'm just out for a drive," he explained to grandma.

"Yes, I know. Could they pass you if you didn't want 'em to?"

"Hardly. I hate to be cramped and crowded over, but I know it's wicked to speed horses."

"Yes, of course it is, but—"

Just then an old crowbat attached to a home-made sled came up and passed the cutter at a jog, and the half-dozen boys on the sled had some cutting remarks to make. Grandma did some more wriggling, but she didn't say anything until the mark was reached and the horse had been turned around for a straight mile course to the bridge. Then she observed:

"Lucien, I don't like to be made a laughing stock of."

"Nor I, either."

"Then if any more crowbats come up you might shake on the lines a little."

"But there are five or six men with good horses who will surely try to beat us."

"Then shake it a little harder."

One of the good horses presently came pounding up behind, but Lucien seemed oblivious.

"I said shake the lines," remarked grandma.

The young man shook, but the horse still gained, and others were heard coming up.

"Shake harder!"

Lucien checked, but he did not draw away from the danger. Grandma waited until the nose of a horse was level with her arm and then said:

"Lucien Davis, if you let me be laughed at you are no grandson of mine. Make your horse get up and get it."

Three seconds later she was riding at a 240 clip and holding on to her breath and her bonnet, and three minutes later the bridge was passed and she knew that she had led by a hundred feet. She didn't a word to say on the way from the river to the house, but for half an hour later, then she put her hand on Lucien's shoulder and observed:

"I guess things have changed since I was a girl. I guess that beating the other horse didn't make much of a game, but you'd better bring Tilly Spooner over here tonight to hear me say so."

Lady Holland's Luncheon Abominations.

Lady Holland, granddaughter of King William IV, of England, relates to her biographer that in 1837 she went with her mother to take luncheon with Lady Holland.

"To this day," she says, "I never taste cold turkey, and salad with-out their conjuring up in my mind's eye Holland House dining room, full of brilliant silver and glass, the smartest furniture, and most of all, a most charming looking lady with a very large face, the palest face, I think, I ever saw, and with such a heavenly, sweet smile."

She sat in a large armchair, and her occupation seemed to me, even young as I was, strange in a dining room. She was not sitting at the dining-room table with every one else, but in a corner of the room.

A maid was kneeling by her bathing the pale, sweet, smiling lady's feet—the loveliest white feet—in a large china foot tub. This lady was the famous Lady Holland, and I heard it said that these, to outsiders, peculiar abominations took place in the dining room of Holland House during luncheon whether there were visitors or not."

The Woodstone.

"Most persons know very little about the stones of which they so glibly talk," remarked a gem expert. "Very few have any idea of what a bloodstone is, though the red spotted green hellstone commonly goes by that name. Here are two pieces of real bloodstone, the bloodstone of the ancients. As you see, they are black. By rubbing one on the other I draw what looks to be blood. Touching it to my hand it leaves a bloodlike stain. No, there's no trick about it. These bits of black stone are simply hematite, and hematite is the real bloodstone. Not one person in 10,000 seems to know this."—Philadelphia Record.

All Serene.

"Has Jones an assured reputation as an author?"

"Absolutely. Why, he says he can now turn out poor work all the rest of his life."—Life.

Cautious.

Dr. Bill (meeting former patient)—Ah, good morning, Mr. Jones? How are you feeling this morning? Mr. Jones, Doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?

Only Wanted a Chance.

Mother—Perhaps the young man needs a little encouragement. Daughter—Yes, mamma. I wish you would keep out of sight more while he is here.

A BEAT THAT FAILED

HOW THE PLANS OF AN ENTERPRISING EDITOR WERE UPSET.

The Clinch to the Great Dobbin-Dominie Match Race as It Developed in the Office of One of the Metropolitan Afternoon Dailies.

"I never read of a close finish in a big running race nowadays that I'm not reminded of a famous punctured scoop in which I figured when I was working in a New York newspaper office," said an old time telegrapher who is now employed in Washington.

"It was back in the days when the great Dominie was the star colt of the Keene stable and, with one exception, was acknowledged as the greatest two-year-old of the season."

The exception was Richard Croker's colt, "Dobbin." These two youngsters finally met in the Futurity, and although the Keene colt won, with Dobbin third, the latter's owner was not satisfied with the result, and a match was speedily arranged at the Futurity distance for \$10,000 a side.

"Now, the paper I worked on was an evening sheet, and it was the ambition of the managing editor's life to beat the opposition evening paper and get the news of a big event like this on the street first."

The other fellows had beaten us on the Futurity story a few days before, and the managing editor made so secret of the fact that he was going to get even.

Accordingly he laid all of his plans a day ahead, and although we did not know at the time what they were, we felt sure by the way he strutted around on the morning of the race that he had the winning combination up his sleeve.

"A big event," he said, "that day the editor, the most nervous man I ever met, called me into his office and told me that, as the match race was the fifth event on the card, he wanted me to follow one of the other operators take the result of the fourth race, and he also wanted me to get a wire in good working order and prepare to get the result of the fifth race."

"The scheme was to have two pressmen set out all ready to start. One of them was to have the big front page headline read: 'Dobbin Wins the Big Match,' and the other, just the same, except that Dominie's name appeared in the place of 'Dobbin.' The Dobbin extra was on press No. 1 and the Dominie extra on press No. 2. Whichever horse won, the managing editor was to call out No. 1 or No. 2, and the press would be started in quicker time than it takes to tell of the arrangement."

"I couldn't help but inwardly smile as I watched the managing editor smiling seriously about waiting for the start, just like a man who had thousands of dollars wagered on the chance of one of the races."

"Suddenly the key of my instrument began to click, and he quickly stopped and looked anxiously at me, but it proved to be only the operator at the other end testing. Learning this, he resumed his work and began to click again. This time the horses were on their way to the post. The next I got from the other end was that the horses were at the post and would be off in a minute. This information, instead of speeding the managing editor, only increased his jumpiness, for he ordered the men who were standing around to cease their talking and also called down stairs half a dozen times to know if everything was ready below in the press room."

"In the midst of this the key again began to work, and I called out that they were off."

"The clicks of the instrument that followed now told me that they were moving along, nose and nose, at the quarter. At the half mile Dominie was in the lead by a nose and as I announced this I was watching the managing editor and I could see his lips forming the words 'No. 2,' which was the Dominie press."

"Dominie just managed to shove his nose in front at the three-quarters and the boss moved nearer the speaking tube as I made this announcement. Coming into the stretch the two game colts were head and head, and the managing editor, with the mouthpiece of the speaking tube pressed tightly against his lips, was waiting for the result."

"Well, the result came along in good season. But never so long as I live shall I forget the expression on that editor's face when the key told me that the match race was a dead heat. I hesitated just a second before calling it out, for I could almost picture in my mind what effect it would have on him. Finally I called out in as firm a voice as I could, 'Dead heat!'

"Well, that editor's knees just gave way from under him. If he had not grabbed a chair I am positive he would have fallen to the floor."

"Dead heat?" he gasped, with a livid face. "Are you sure?"

"I told him that it had been repeated to me and that there could be no mistake. He was too dumfounded to move for two or three seconds, but when he saw all of the men who were about to jump to their places ready to throw together a new scare head, while others hustled around to find the story types, who amount to a man had gone out of the building, he came to in a jiffy and was the same old hustler."

"Everybody took hold and worked harder probably than he ever worked before or since, and although we didn't beat the opposition paper, as we were so certain of doing, we were on the street only a minute or so behind it. We afterward learned that they had made exactly the same arrangements to beat us and had been fooled in precisely the same way."—Washington Star.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as PAINO-PAIN. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, PAINO-PAIN is equally good as a remedy for all chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is a pleasant and safe drug, and it is the only one of all up-to-date drugs that is safe for the child. It comes in a box to make it more palatable.

Silkworm Fishing Lines.

A tourist friend who has recently returned from a trip through the south of Europe was telling the other day of the large proportions assumed by the production of silkworm gut for fishing lines in Spain since the decline of silk culture there. The truth is, he said, that in May and June it is killed by immersion in vinegar. The substance which would have formed the cocoon is then drawn out from its body in the form of a thick silken thread, which is treated with chemicals and afterward dried. These threads are made up in bundles of a hundred each, and the Spanish peasants travel with them along the shores of the Mediterranean as far as France. The best quality of the gut, as every fisherman knows or ought for his own protection when shopping to know, is round. The flat shaped article is always inferior and is due, not as often supposed, to careless drawing of it, but to unhealthiness in the worm which furnished it.—Forest and Stream.

South Pole Seals.

Seals, according to the crew of the Antarctic exploring ship Discovery, are abundant near the south pole. They are very tame and can be clubbed by any one without showing more fight than opening their jaws and making a harsh noise. They are possessed of extraordinary vitality and are not easy to kill. Antarctic seals are not provided with marketable fur. The skins of the majority of seals in the Antarctic regions show an extraordinary number of electric, some old and some recent, which for some time have been a puzzle to zoologists. It is a question whether they are the result of warfare among the seal seals or are caused by attacks of some parasite not yet known to science. Some light has been shed on this subject by the discovery of remains of an ordinary seal in the stomach of a sea leopard, which is provided with a very fierce set of teeth, quite in keeping with the possible habit of feeding on other seals.

Scolding.

Scolding is usually a habit. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tried of annoyances at some trivial cause and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody within reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who never get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they begin scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members. Exchange.

If you are to be charged, people won't boast that they need to know you.—Aitchison Globe.

BLADDER TROUBLE.

People Should Know How Mr. Miller Was Cured of Kidney and Bladder Trouble by the Great New Medicine, Cal-cura Solvent.

Small Free Bottle sent by mail.

MATTHEW, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I have been troubled with my Kidneys and Bladder for three or four years and doctoring with many physicians without obtaining any help.

A few months ago I decided to try Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's latest medicine, and am thankful to say I am now practically cured. You have not asked me for a testimonial but I wish to tell you what Cal-cura Solvent has done for me and hope that others may be so happily relieved. Yours truly,

WILLIAM H. MILLER.

Remember, Cal-cura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. You may have a free sample bottle of this wonderful medicine, and descriptive booklet, by simply sending your name and address to The Cal-cura Company, Kennedy Row, Rondout, N. Y. Large bottles \$1.00 (only one size) all druggists, or if they do not have it, send to the above proprietors.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$45,000.00

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Housekeepers, Attention!

We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a splendid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Lenger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c. Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, \$1.00, or we will lend large generator.

Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Lark & Co's,

REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

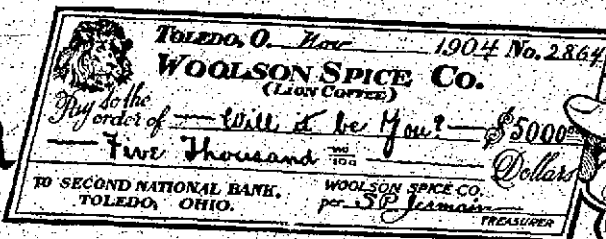
\$50,000.00

CASH GIVEN AWAY to Users of

LION COFFEE

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

How Would You Like a Check Like This?



We Have Awarded \$20,000.00

Cash to Lion Coffee users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.



What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimate received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 8, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., as follows:

1 First Prize	\$25,000.00
2 Second Prize	1,000.00
3 Third Prize	500.00
4 Fourth Prize	250.00
5 Fifth Prize	100.00
10 Sixth Prize	50.00
20 Seventh Prize	25.00
50 Eighth Prize	10.00
100 Ninth Prize	5.00
2139 Prizes	\$20,000.00
TOTAL	\$25,000.00

Grand First Prize of \$5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer \$5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocery Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use LION COFFEE long enough to get acquainted with it you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using your advertising money so that both of us—your as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your Lion-Head

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEPT.)

TOLEDO, OHIO.

The McKeen County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—\$1.25 per year, or if paid weekly
in advance, \$1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of five cents per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and so deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.
Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.
Cards, not exceeding one inch, \$5.00 per annum.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, \$5.00 each.
Address all communications to—
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 28, 1904.

Missouri is very apt to go Republican this fall. One there they do not like the Democratic ticket nor the platform.

WM. B. CLARK expects to be a candidate for Sheriff next year. Everybody in McKean county knows and likes "Jilly" Clark and they will be pleased to show their appreciation of the favors he has shown many by voting for him for sheriff.

Mr. S. D. WEAVER came over from the county seat Saturday evening, and remained over Sunday. So far Mr. Weaver has practically no opposition for the office of county treasurer, but after the Democratic county committee has gone through the form of placing a candidate in the field, Mr. Weaver will do a little canvassing. He will not have to worry over the result. Kane Republican.

The Chicago Chronicle has become tired of the hosts of Populism, diagnosed as Democracy, and will hereafter be a Republican newspaper. The Chronicle very sagely observes that although Judge Parker was the nominee, Bryan dictated the platform and that to all intents and purposes the Democracy is a Bryan party. Proof of this is furnished rather clearly by the fact that Bryan has announced his intention of supporting the ticket, finding this platform quite Populistic enough to suit him.

We have been asked by a Democratic friend if the election of so old a man as Henry G. Davis to the office of Vice President would be "absolutely unprecedented." It would be. The oldest Vice President was Elbridge Gerry, who was thirteen years younger when inaugurated than Mr. Davis would be. Moreover, he lived only a year after that. The next oldest, William R. King, was sixty-seven when inaugurated and he lived only a month. These who wish to defend the nomination of an octogenarian would do well not to study precedents or life insurance statistics. A candidate eighty-one years old is a poor risk for any party. Lancaster Examiner.

It is reported that the committee appointed for that purpose has found candidates who are willing to run on the Democratic ticket for the offices to be filled from this county this fall and that a meeting of the county committee will be held in Bradford next Monday for the purpose of placing this ticket in nomination. We have noticed in some of our exchanges that E. W. Hilton of this borough is slated for county treasurer but we do not believe that Mr. Hilton would accept the nomination with the Democratic party in the condition it is today. Mr. Hilton is an able and popular man and we consider him too conservative to accept the nomination for his chances would be hopeless.

The Republican candidate for Vice President stands as an exception among the candidates of the present time, in his freedom from facts and hobbies. The New York Evening Sun, noting the unusual case, says: "We have not been able to learn that Senator Fairbanks has a hobby or goes in for any heavy and blowy recreation. Although born on a farm, he has no special liking for a horse, except in the shafts of a cab. He never fishes—which is not surprising, because he neither smokes nor drinks. He used to shoot squirrels out of tree-tops in his boyhood, and still enjoys the reputation of a dead shot, but he hasn't pulled a trigger for a long time. He has always been sober minded and industrious to a fault." When the young men came to see him and wanted him to go to parties and other places, says a friend who knew him in his school days, "he told them that he did not have time, and that he had to work, and he would spend his evenings with his books." All this explains why he doesn't fish, ride, swim or chop wood in the present campaign.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23, 1904.

The return to town next week of the President to keep bachelor's hall for three weeks in the renovated White House, will give additional life to the city, all the hotels, and set the political cauldron to bubbling. Everything is coming his way. Advice from the different states where factional differences existed in regard to state matters, show that there is no falling out over Presidential candidates. The letter of Mr. Oscar S. Straus announcing that he had abandoned the Democratic party, and "will make it a privilege no less than a duty to dedicate my best services to your election," came as a pleasant surprise in the mail received at Saginaw Hall. There is reason to believe that many other surprises of a similar nature will be forthcoming.

Gentlemen connected with the Executive departments are often surprised at the dispatches sent from Washington and the officials they receive in the

press. Quite a breeze has been created in some very respectable newspapers over the announcement that the Government will not allow the wreck of the Maine, in the harbor of Havana, to be raised and removed, even after the contractor has paid the Cuban government for the privilege. Letters have been received at the Navy department asking if this can be true. Why the public should take such an interest in a mass of twisted and rusted worthless iron is hard to understand. There are those who contend that the Maine has been abandoned by the United States and that it now belongs to Cuba and therefore the President has no right to interfere in the matter of its removal. Your correspondent called yesterday upon Judge Advocate Darlington, of the Navy, to get the Government's view of the matter, the question having been referred to him for an opinion. He very frankly said that in reply to an inquiry from the contractor he gave it as his opinion that the wreck still belongs to the Government and before it can be disposed of it will be necessary for Congress to take action. This opinion is not a command, and the contractor can go on with his work if he thinks best. It will probably be a long time before Congress will consent to have the wreck raised.

It is surprising how many of the present Cabinet officers are Eastern men, either by birth or extraction. Postmaster General Payson is originally from Andover, Mass.; Secretary Shaw is from Stowe, Vt.; Secretary Morton's father was from Clinton N. Y.; Secretary McCaul was born in Utica N. Y., and educated in Connecticut; Secretary Moody is from Boston; New England manages to hold her own in the high places of the Government, for her sons are scattered all over the northwest, and they are the sturdy offsprings of emigrants. Naturally they inherit sterling qualities and find, by selection of the fittest, the places they now fill. The next Vice President, Senator Fairbanks, comes of an old of Mass. family which settled in the town of Dedham, and later founded the town of Lancaster. John Hay appears to be the only true western man. Secretary Hitchcock is the only one who represents the South, his father was a Mobile man.

The strike malady has broken out in a mild form in this city. Because a non-union colored bricklayer was employed upon the new \$700,000 war college in the southern part of this city, twenty-four union bricklayers threw down their tools, and marched out of the arsenal grounds. This is the size of it. It is the closed shop question again on a small scale, but even if the American Federation of Labor is behind its back, as has been alleged, it is not believed that the matter will assume any importance. The strikers say that the right to work for whom we please will be stoutly maintained. It has not been denied. The second strike consists of a few firemen at a brewery going out because the brewers refuse to advance the price of beer to \$20 per barrel. Now that the beef strike has been settled, much credit is said to be due to Secretary Morton of the Navy, who was in Chicago at the time. He has a brother who is largely interested in the company which was on strike, and he used his influence to bring about a compromise. Otherwise the public outcry might have compelled the President to adopt drastic measures.

All the departments and bureaus of the government are busy. The State Department is watching the course of affairs in the Red Sea and points out that not long ago Great Britain was holding up neutral ships, and seizing our cargoes of flour off the South African coast. It is feared that American merchant men may next be seized by Russian men of war, since Russian ships are now in the Pacific, and many vessels have sailed from this country with supplies for Japan. Commissioner Ware of the Pension Bureau will say, in his coming report that the total number of pensioners on the roll called is less than one million; about 994,543. During the month of May 5,000 died, and soon the monthly average will reach 6,000. If it were not for the widows of old soldiers the list would sink with economical rapidity. The Government Printing Office has not yet installed the merchant type-setting machines, but expects to have them in readiness by the beginning of next session.

Last Thursday, the 21st inst., was the forty-third anniversary of the Battle of Bull Run. "One of the best planned and worst fought battles of the war." Those who were living at that time vividly remember the panic which prevailed in Washington as the retreating soldiers and such Congressmen as were not captured, came straggling back into the city, exhausted, wounded and frightened. The battle is to be fought over again in September on the plains of Manassas, Va., under the command of General Corbin. It is announced that Ga. will be represented by a full brigade, and Connecticut is making preparations to send all of its militia. Probably not less than thirty thousand men under arms will take part in the maneuvers.

Thus far the political campaign is very silent, but the real opening gun will be fired next Wednesday, at Oyster Bay, by the President. Mr. Cortelyou says he does not wish to discuss the political situation until after the formal notification. Senator Scott of W. Va., takes that state out of the doubtful column.

Desirable Building Lots.
I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on address Harry L. Backus, MINER office. Subscribe for the MINER.



Suppose

Your Grocer Gave You
A HANDSOME
Cut Glass Pitcher

Just as an acknowledgment of all the trading you had done with him—wouldn't you like it?

Well, The C. R. Maltby Company will, through your Grocer, give you not only this beautiful cut-glass pitcher, but 300 other articles for your home, equally as handsome and useful.

HOW? In exchange for the signatures which appear on every package of Tea, Coffee, Flour, Spice, Fruit, etc., put up by them. Ask your Grocer for

Signature BRAND Groceries

Save the signatures. Write us for illustrated premium catalogue, and take your choice of these beautiful presents. Our groceries and premiums are the very best which money can buy, and our word is as good as our bond.

C. R. MALTBY COMPANY, Corning, N. Y.

For Sale by Gailap Grocery Co., Smethport and G. W. King, East Smethport.

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A Magazine of Cleverness.

Magazines should have a well-defined purpose. Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are the motives of THE SMART SET.

MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MAGAZINES.

Its **novels** (a complete one in each number) are by the most brilliant authors of both hemispheres.

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Its **poetry** covering the entire field of verse—pathos, love, humor, tenderness—is by the most popular poets, men and women, of the day.

Its **jokes, witticisms, sketches**, etc., are admittedly the most mirth-provoking.

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Every page will interest, charm and refresh you.

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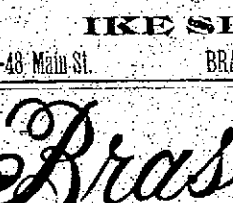
THE MCKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.



Brasted's

ICE
CREAM
and Soda
with Crushed Fruits.

EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES
ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE,
Rochester, N. Y.

—More Positions to fill than students desiring Positions—

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc., Calters and Robbs.

Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1904.



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Send model, sketch or photo of invention for
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to
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BIG BARGAINS

IN MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

It is time for me to get ready for and make room for new Fall Stock. Business has been big so I can therefore make some big reductions in all the three Depts. above named. If you don't call in and look around you are surely out of town.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Clearance Sale

Of all Wash Goods, such as Lawns, Dimities, Organ-dies and other thin goods

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Purple Stamps will be given with each cash purchase.

Also what Shirt Waists are left will be sold at cost.

Ask to see the remnant baskets as you will find exceptionally good values.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

July 19, 1904.

If it is a
Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY

and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

Boys' Oxfords

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

Standard Patterns for Aug.

Hot Weather Stuff at Half Price

We are now showing an entirely new line of Ladies' Shirt Waist Suits bought at half price from an Eastern manufacturer and we propose to give the trade full benefit of these bargains.

Shirt Waist Suits, \$10.00 value at.....	\$5.00
Shirt Waist Suits, \$8.00 value at.....	4.00
Shirt Waist Suits, \$7.00 value at.....	3.50
Shirt Waist Suits, \$6.00 value at.....	3.00
One lot in black and white at.....	1.98
One lot in pretty polkadot at.....	2.98

Big Discount on Shirt Waists and Wash Goods.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY



THE BEST ICE CREAM FREEZER

SHEPARD'S LIGHTNING is the best freezer in practical use, because convenient, compact in size, uses smallest amount of ice and salt, runs easily, freezes quickly, produces smoothly frozen cream with little bother and less work. They last longer because pails are of cedar with electric welded hoops. The cans are made of heavy tinplate with drawn steel bottoms. The automatic twin scrapers by their positive action, insure quick results. Don't be talked into buying any other freezer. There is none so good. A special price on the 4 quart.

Redfield's Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smithport as second-class matter.

Smithport, Thursday, July 28, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

"It rains easy."

Note Strong's change of ad.

Sunday is the last day of trout fishing.

The Camp family held a picnic at Farmers Valley last Tuesday.

Westbrook's Academy, Olean, has a change of advertisement this week.

A stone sidewalk has been laid in front of Gorton & Richmond's law of fice.

Mrs. Lilgendahl has had her home on Water street beautified with new paint.

A scarp on Water street Monday evening resulted in the arrest of both participants.

Saturday, July 30, is the last day for paying mercantile licenses, to avoid costs of suit.

Ice cream freezers is the topic for the advertisement of Redfield's Hardware in this issue.

The Bradford Trades Assembly is making preparations for the observance of Labor Day, Sept. 5.

Masons are now engaged in laying the walls for the residence of T. H. Morrison on upper Main street.

Attorney Sheridan Gorton and T. A. Green of East King street have had their dwelling houses newly painted.

The subject for Sunday morning at the Methodist church will be especially interesting to children, viz: "Busy Bees."

John L. Costello, a former well known insurance man of Bradford, died in Los Vegas, Mex., of consumption on Thursday last.

Mrs. Mary Henry Hamlin and J. C. Hamlin entertained the members of St. Luke's choir with elegant refreshments at the parish house Tuesday evening.

Miss Mayme Himmann of Smithport passed the recent postal service examination held in this city and she is now eligible as a postoffice clerk. Her standing was 81.25.—Olean Democrat.

Claude Denning of this place officiated in the box for the City team of Bradford, which beat the Eagles' baseball club there Sunday. He won his game, the opposing team getting but four hits off him.

Leo Caldwell, who is confined in the isolation hospital because of illness with smallpox, is rapidly recovering. The case was not dangerous at any time. No other person has been affected by the disease and the city is entirely free from contagion except in this single instance.—Bradford Era.

Word has been received here that Mrs. Thomas Camp is seriously ill at New Castle. Her relatives here have not as yet received any definite information as to the nature of her illness.

The Chadwick House at Larabee has been undergoing extensive improvements. A new bar has been added and many of the rooms repainted and repaired. The exterior of the hostelry is yet to be painted.

The bricklayers are nearly through on the outer walls of Hon. J. W. Bouton's residence on West Main street, and judging from exterior appearances this will be one of the handsomest residences in Smithport when completed.

The clogging of a water pipe on the second floor of Dr. Clark's building on Main street caused a deluge of water to pour through the ceiling into Fry & Comes' store Friday evening. A quantity of goods were considerably damaged as a result.

The Methodist Sunday schools of Smithport, Eldred and Portville, will hold a union basket picnic at Riverhurst, N. Y., on Wednesday, August 3rd. Special low rate excursion via the P. S. & N. E. R. For further particulars see S. L. Fry, superintendent.

Vernon, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warenberger, was severely bitten on the right leg by a dog, while playing around the circus grounds Monday morning. The boy was attended by Dr. Osterlander, who cared for the wound, and made the sufferer as comfortable as possible.

The Metropolitan Insurance Co. has opened a branch office in this flat over the postoffice. The rooms will be fitted up and made desirable. L. J. Hanbold, assistant superintendent, will be the manager and no doubt will make a successful showing for the company he represents.

The Tuna Manufacturing Company's plant at Salamanca was damaged by fire Sunday night to the extent of \$8,000. It is a severe blow to the concern as much work was being done for Bradford, which had been taken there on account of the destruction of the Bradford plant on the morning of July 1.

A boness owned by the John H. Sparks' shovels gave birth to four cubs Sunday night about 11:30 o'clock. One of them was accidentally killed by the mother stepping on it Monday morning, but the other three are alive and doing well. This proved to be an interesting attraction for the crowds that visited the circus afternoon and evening to see the little fellows that were not over 18 hours old. This is probably the first birth of this kind that ever occurred in Smithport, and one not likely to happen for some time to come. They were as active and playful as kittens and will no doubt prove a valuable addition to the Sparks show.

John Morrison, who disappeared from his home a week or so ago surprised and delighted his mother, Mrs. Margaret Morrison of Amm street, by appearing at home Wednesday evening. He had gone as far as Indianapolis, and there he concluded there was no place like home.—Bradford Herald.

The erection of a labor temple by Bradford trade unionists is now assured. The Era says: It is proposed to erect a brick structure four stories high on the W. O. T. U. plot on the public square which is 30x160 feet in size. Plans providing for a business place on the lower floor and for assembly halls, committee rooms, dining room, kitchen and other apartments in the upper stories are being worked out.

An Italian sectionhand, employed on the P. S. & N. E. R., and who resides in the old Henry Hamlin house opposite the Kinshequa depot, has attracted a great many Smithport people to that vicinity evenings of late by his singing. He has a fine baritone voice and his rendition of some of the popular Italian airs is pronounced by people who have heard him to be equal, if not better, than many sang on the American operatic stage.

The committee on exhibits for Potter county's centennial celebration have had presented to them for exhibition the skeleton of Jones, the only man ever hung in Potter county, together with the original death sentence. It will be remembered that Jones sold his body to one of the physicians in the county for dissection, etc. The skeleton is now the property of Dr. Chas. French, who has loaned it to the committee for exhibition.—Potter Enterprise.

John, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm, of No. 2 Collins Court, ran the point of a pair of scissors into his wrist Saturday, severing an artery. Compressing the artery with her thumb Mrs. Thamm carried the lad to a surgeon, who gave the wound attention. When the pressure was removed from the artery the blood spurted across the room. The little chap appears to be doing well, though it may yet be necessary to amputate the artery.—Bradford Herald.

Claire, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. McFall, failed to report at bed time last Friday night and a search was instituted but at 12 o'clock he had not yet been found. The parents were very much alarmed, when it was proposed to ring the fire bell and have a general search. This was done and soon after the missing lad was found in an ice house, within a short distance of his home, where he had gone to sleep and had been awakened by the bell. He wanted to see the fire.—Eldred Eagle.

On account of the meeting and parades of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Volunteer Firemen's Association, at Warren, Pa., August 10 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Warren, August 9 to 12, good to return until August 14, inclusive, from all stations on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad division, west of and including Williamsport and from all stations on the Buffalo and Allegheny Valley division in the State of Pennsylvania, at rate of single fare for the round trip.

At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The choir will sing Gounod's "Gallia" at the evening service. This sacred cantata represents the unhappy condition of Jerusalem as described by the prophet Jeremiah (Lamentations 1: 1-7) and to which estate the French composer represents his own country (Gallia, France) after the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and the havoc wrought by the French Commune. The soprano solos will be sung by Mrs. Alice McCoy Olmstead. All are cordially invited.

Some Snake Stories.

Mrs. George Kinney, who resides near the mouth of Mill creek, Tioga township, had an experience with a rattlesnake that she will not soon forget. Wishing to use a potato crate, which had been appropriated by a setting hen, at dusk she went to get it and thought at first she would lift the hen out, but concluded not to disturb biddy. She had carried the crate some distance when she discovered a monstrous snake's head coming over the top. Quicker than it takes to tell it she dropped her bundle and fled. Her husband dispatched the varmint with a hoe.—Wellsboro Advertiser.

This section seems to have an extraordinary supply of snakes this year. Hardly a day passes but what we hear of the killing of rattlers, copperheads and black snakes. One day last week the men employed at the Climax Powder works killed five in one batch, part being copperheads. Two rattlers were killed on West Fourth street, near Mrs. Hunteau's residence last Saturday, while the previous day a large black rattler was killed on W. H. Howard's lawn in front of his residence. It measured three feet and eight inches.—Emporium Press.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smithport for the week ending July 23, 1904:

H. C. Huff, Miss Alice Olson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLIE, Postmaster.

Will Open Sept. 6.

The 3rd school year will open Sept. 6 at Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

Strausky's quadruple coated enamel ware for the kitchen, best yet.

Holmes & Giffillan.

Personal Mention.

T. F. Hungville visited Bradford last Friday.

Miss Millie Patterson left to day for a visit at Chautauqua.

F. S. Baker of Ceres was a business visitor in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Summersgill have returned from Atlantic City.

Miss Mary E. Selover of Albany, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. O. J. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ives are making a two weeks visit at Rochester N. Y.

Mrs. Emmet Brooks of Buffalo is a guest of Mrs. W. Stark of Green street.

Misses Bessie Ottosen and Emma Headstrom are visiting in Port Allegany.

Perry Nixon of Port Allegany was in attendance at the ball game here Monday.

Miss Bessie Brown of Bradford was a guest of friends in town the first of the week.

Miss Eva Hopper has returned from a visit with Johnsbury and St. Mary's friends.

Mrs. Lewis Raymer and daughter, Miss Octavia, were visitors in Kane over Sunday.

Miss Bessie Blake of Eldred visited her sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus, in town Sunday.

Barlo Hafner has returned home from Nausen, where he has been employed for some time.

F. E. Crowley, the merchant tailor of Eldred, was a visitor in town the latter part of last week.

Miss Irene Heers of Angelica, N. Y., was a guest of Miss Eva Hopper the forepart of this week.

Mrs. Sarah J. McChesney of New York City is visiting her brother Wm. B. Clarke on Green street.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughters, Edith and Harriet, passed Sunday last guests of Bolivar friends.

Hon. Thomas A. Morrison, daughter Mrs. S. E. Bell and grandson, Donovan Bell, are sojourning in Philadelphia.

Miss Jannett Rose and Miss Bessie King of Port Allegany were guests of friends in town Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Henderson returned Saturday evening from a two weeks' sojourn with friends in Allegany county, N. Y.

Miss Lena Vandergriff, who has been visiting friends in town for the past two weeks, returned to her home in Bradford on Tuesday.

Miss Minnie Smith of Jeannette, Pa., who has been the guest of Miss Edith McGrier for the past few weeks, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Clark, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove, returned to their home in Jamestown, N. Y., last Saturday.

Misses Mildred and Theo Brennan and Master John Brennan of Jamestown, N. Y., visited their grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan, this week.

Hon. T. A. Morrison and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Porrett, Dr. and Mrs. John Clark and Mrs. T. E. Richmond and son, all of Smithport, were in the city Saturday.—Bradford Era.

John Hughes, a former Smithport boy, who for the past 30 years has lived in Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich., is re-ceiving old acquaintances in town and was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. D. Bell of Olean and Mrs. Reynolds and little son, Loraine, of Buffalo are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jason Hull. Mr. and Mrs. Hull are parents of Mrs. Bell and grandparents of Mrs. Reynolds, thus four generations are represented.

A Continual Strain.

Many men and women are constantly subjected to what they commonly call "a continual strain" because of some permanent or family trouble. It wears and distresses them both mentally and physically, affecting their nerves badly and bringing on kidney ailments, with the attendant evils of constipation, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, low vitality and despondency. They cannot as a rule, get rid of this "continual strain," but they can remedy its health-destroying effect by taking frequent doses of Green's August Flower. It tones up the liver, stimulates the kidneys, insures healthy bodily functions, gives vim and spirit to one's whole being, and eventually dispels the physical or mental distress caused by that "continual strain." Trial bottle of August Flower, 25c, regular size, 75 cents. At all druggists.

Excursion July 31.

The Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company will run a popular low-rate excursion to romantic Portage Falls and the Historic Genesee river on Sunday, July 31st. The train will leave Smithport at 8:43 a. m., arriving at Portage Falls 11:30 a. m. Returning special train will leave the Falls at 5:15 p. m. and Olean at 7:15 p. m. This schedule will give excursionists over five hours at Portage Falls.

Tickets for round trip will sell at \$1.00. Children between five and twelve years go at half rates. Tickets are valid for passage only on date of issue on special train in each direction.

Lost.

An open-faced silver watch with Katherine McGrath engraved on back, between residence of Jas. McKean and school building. Reward will be given if returned to this office or Jan's McKean's residence.

For Sale.

A good sized fire-proof safe and a sidewalk in good condition. Further information furnished at this office.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Call at Dr. Hamilton's residence for particulars.

Subscribe for the MINER.

MONARCH SHIRTS BELL PHONE BANNER PATTERNS
\$1.00 & \$1.50 100 & 15c
DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

FLOOD SALE

Last Friday evening as a result of a defective water conductor several barrels of water from the roof of the building we occupy overflowed into our store.

Had the accident occurred fifteen minutes later there would have been no one in the store and the damage would have been thousands of dollars, as it was we were able to protect most of our stock. There were, however, a good many pieces of goods water soaked and these we want to get rid of at once and replace them with fresh stock.

In most cases the damage is only slight and the prices we name for quick selling represent rare bargains indeed.

12 1-2 and 15c Ducks and Gallateas at.....	9c	12 1-2c Flannelettes at.....	8 1-2c
15c Colored Linings at.....	10 1-2c	25c Mercerized Linings at.....	18c
35c Mercerized Linings at.....	25c	40c Lining Silk at.....	32c
27-inch China Silks at.....	38c	95c Black Etamine at.....	68c

Odd Lots of Muslin Underwear, Ribbons, Down Pillows, Quilts, Blankets, etc., more or less damaged, will be closed out at proportionately low prices.

FRY & COMES.

If It is Anything

In the Line of Summer Goods, you should see us.

We Are Putting the Cleaner on Them.

If you are thinking of a new Refrigerator and price and quality are any object, don't forget that we are offering great refrigerator bargains, and that we sell

THE LEONARD CLEANABLE REFRIGERATOR

THE BEST MADE.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING !!!

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

MILLINERY AND LADIES FURNISHINGS.

This week your attention is directed to a cut price in summer goods. Ladies' street hats sold regardless of cost to close out stock. Trimmed hats go at a great sacrifice. A good assortment of flowers and a new line of RIBBONS, all colors, just received, which you will not be able to find cheaper or of better quality in town for the price. A few shirt waist suits and separate skirts to be sold at a great reduction. A new line of white lawn and white silk shirt waists, Ladies underwear, hosiery, belts, gloves, etc. A large line of infants' and children's clothes. Your patronage is solicited.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

HER IDEAL MAN

By OTHO B. SENG

Copyright, 1914, by T. C. McChesney

"They were discussing the wedding. 'Didn't Tillie look heavenly?' cried the girl who wrote stories. 'Very sweet,' assented the school teacher. 'And subdued,' added the editor, laughing.

"No one says anything about the groom's appearance—or mine," grumbled the best man, "and I came all the way from Nebraska just for this wedding."

"You looked quite like a Bostonian, I assure you," said the girl with the violin consolingly.

"As for Mr. Adams, he looked just as he always does, all bones and brains," asserted the school teacher, "I admire that type immensely."

"The westerner was not tall and was somewhat inclined to stoutness."

"My cousin Abe is an undeniably brainy man," he retorted. "But believe me, Miss Selwyn, some slight covering of adipose tissue over the bones is not incompatible with intellectuality."

"Do you return to Nebraska at once, Mr. Converse?" interposed the artist peevishly.

"I did intend to leave Boston tonight, but I have found that my ranch needs a mistress. I shall remain a week longer and hope to persuade some one to go with me."

"The words were uttered laughingly, but there was a significant look in the keen gray eyes that betrayed his earnestness of purpose. There were varying exclamations of surprise from six of his hearers. The seventh remained scornfully silent. The others looked from one to another questioningly. When eight young women have lived together for a year and one of the number has just departed with the blessing of the pastor and the shower of rice devised by Satan, it is not unnatural for the others to wonder, 'Who next?'

"You promised to show me the beauties of the library, Miss Selwyn," said Converse, turning to the silent one. "Can we go tomorrow?"

"After I o'clock," she replied quietly, but her dark eyes met his with a look of understanding and defiance. "If you will wait until the next day, Saturday."

"We will go tomorrow," he decided quickly.

"How can you spare the time for sightseeing, Mr. Converse?" queried the artist teasingly. "I should think you would want every hour of the week for your wedding."

"I shall waste no time in my sightseeing," returned Converse, with marked emphasis, "and you must understand that a western wedding is less deliberate than is usually considered necessary in New England. There are no 'superfluous women' in Nebraska, and with us it's a case of 'learn your fate at once and get out of the way to make room for the next man.'"

"So these are the famous paintings of Puvla de Charvannes," remarked Converse the next day, bestowing a very hasty glance at the mural decorations at the Public Library. "They are doubtless all that you have said of them, Eleanor, but they really have little interest for me just now. I want to talk with you. You are disappointed in me, Eleanor?"

Miss Selwyn's pale face flushed painfully.

"It was very good of you, Dick, to keep the secret. I have never told the others that I knew you before you went west or of our silly correspondence."

"I don't call it silly," he said stoutly. "The only foolish thing about it is that I did not come for you long ago. You were only fifteen when I left Vermont. That is fifteen years ago, and—"

"Heavens!" she cried hastily. "Don't remind me of my age. An old maid school teacher, I suppose you're thinking."

"Nothing of the kind. I was about to say that in all those years I have never seen any one who made me forget you, Eleanor. If only you felt the same toward me!"

"But I don't, Dick," deprecatingly; "you have changed."

"Not in my heart, Eleanor."

She opened a small portfolio and took out a faded photograph. "See, Dick, this is the man I love."

He looked at it cautiously and laughed softly.

"The boy, you mean. I must have been about twenty then. Pretty little fellow, wasn't he? Aren't those curling locks perfect?"

She put the picture away hastily.

"You had the soul of a poet then," she cried resentfully.

"That is twenty years ago, Eleanor, and I've had some hard battles with the world since then. The poetry is pretty well battered out of me, I confess, but you might go home with me and put some poetry into my life once more."

"It couldn't be, Dick. You are too—"

"Say it, Eleanor—too fat, I suppose you mean."

"Not exactly," desperately, "but you are too prosperous and too well satisfied."

"I admit the prosperity, and I have no reason to be dissatisfied. I really thought until I saw you again that I needed nothing more to make my life full and complete. Now I want you."

Every afternoon and evening for the next four days he pleaded, demanded, argued—but to no avail. She admitted

that she cared for no one else, confessed that she was tired—desperately tired—of feigning, but she was loyal to her childhood's ideal, and he was not the realization of that ideal.

When she reached the house on Wednesday afternoon she found in her room a box of violets and a note from Converse:

"I give it up, Eleanor. I was steadily presumptuous to think you could care for a fat, baldheaded ruffian like me. I cannot see you again. It all seems too much to me—and too little to you. I leave on the 1:30 train."

Think of me kindly and wear the violets a little while longer for the sake of old times. Your perfume reminds me of the days when together we hunted for them in the woods at old Hill Side. Happy days those, when the poetry of life was still mine and the love of my little sweetheart. Goodbye, Eleanor. DICK.

The 3:30 train it was now 2:45. Oh, why had she waited to show those horrid boys about the geometry lesson? Why didn't she come directly home?

She snatched her gloves and purse from the table and ran out to the street. To her excited imagination the subway car simply crawled its slow way along to Park street. At Park street she resisted with difficulty the inclination to scream as three trains for other destinations rumbled by before she came that would take her to the South station.

No one would have recognized the dignified Miss Selwyn in the excited girl with flying and flushed cheeks who ran rapidly down the stairs from the elevated and rushed through the station, dexterously dodging through the crowd and making her way to the farther tracks.

"The 3:30 train!" she gasped, pausing before the tall guard at the gate. "Just gone, madam. It is too bad!"

She did not wait to hear his courteous condolences. She flew to the information bureau.

"Where is the first stop—this 3:30 train—going west?" she panted.

"Trinity Place," mechanically. "Leaving there now. Stops on signal at South Framingham. Next regular stop at Worcester."

Trinity Place! Hardly a block from home. If she had only known!

A dispatch for Richard Converse was carried into the drawing room car when the train reached Worcester, and just as it was about to start again an excited man, grasping his hat, hastily snatched a grip and overcoat. Fairly tumbled down the steps to the platform. He ran along beside the slow moving train while an equally excited porter passed him his hat and gloves and with professional dexterity caught the tossed half dollar.

Passengers on the next train from Worcester to Boston might have wondered at the protracted study and the tender touches given to a slip of yellow paper by a man no longer young and somewhat inclined to stoutness, and a peep over his shoulder at the yellow slip would not have enlightened them.

Come back, I have buried the ideal. He read the line over and over again. "God bless her," he murmured huskily. "I'll do my best to resurrect it."

Queer Creak of Country Folks.

"When it comes to superstition," remarked the doctor the other evening, "there's nothing that can beat the superstition about medicine and cures generally."

"There's the average Arkansan, for instance. He thinks that a coal oil poultice is good for sore throat. As soon as his throat gets sore he binds about it a poultice of coal oil. It peels the skin all off his neck, but he believes that it has cured him just the same. Then the Mississippian does himself for impure blood with tea made of hemlock leaves, plantain and all manner of unpleasant weeds. The result is a bad stomach, but the patient keeps up his treatment and thinks it as good as anything a regular practitioner would have given him."

"In Pike county, Pa., some years ago I found a number of people maintaining that the one and only thing for a rattlesnake bite was to cut a live chicken in halves and lay on the wound the half containing the heart. They held that the chicken would adhere to the bite and suck out the poison, turning as the venom entered it a horrible green."

"And the odd thing about all this," concluded the doctor, "is that people will take the most unpleasant medicines when they prescribe them themselves, whereas they would kick like mules if they were administered by a regular physician."—Philadelphia Press.

Mark Twain's Presence of Mind.

Once when he was a pupil on the Mississippi Mark Twain sat with a crowd of men around a wood stove in a village store. Presence of mind was being discussed, and nearly everybody had a story about presence of mind to relate. Twain said:

"Boys, through my presence of mind I once saved an old man's life. It happened this way. I was reading in my room late at night when I heard fire bells. I rolled out to see where the fire was, and soon I came to a brick house that was burning hard."

"An old man leaned half way out of the fourth story window, and the red flames lit up his long white hair and beard. 'Help! Help!' he bellowed. 'Help! Help!' And he waved his arms around his head making wild gestures."

"Everybody in the crowd below seemed paralyzed. No ladder was long enough to reach the old man. The firemen said if he stayed up there he would be burned to death and if he jumped he would be crushed flat."

"But I, with my presence of mind, came to his rescue. I rushed forward and yelled for a rope. The rope was brought to me. I threw the old man the end. He caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down."

Allow a cough to run itself out, it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, 'Oh, it will wear away.' But in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial free. At all druggists.

LIECHTENSTEIN.

A Little Known Country in the Heart of Central Europe.

A people who tax their prince, a country almost unknown in the heart of central Europe, an independent and whimsical principality of sixty-eight square miles, lying in the eastern Alps, bordering the upper Rhine, hemmed in by Switzerland and Austria, and but a few miles from the German frontier—it has been independent for over two centuries and was forgotten by Bismarck—so runs the local peasantry—at the reconstructions following the Prussian wars with Austria and France.

It is not tucked inaccessibly away. Thousands of Americans on their way to Innsbruck have been from the train to the towering mountains of the little state. Others, on their way to Davos Platz, have glanced at a distant little town at the foot of a castle rock without suspecting that they were looking at one of the capitals of Europe.

There is no national debt. There is a nominal tax, only a tenth as large as that of Austria. The ruling prince gives freely for the good of the people out of his huge private fortune. So far from deriving any revenue from his principality, he pays heavily for the pleasure of holding it.

Following the close of the war between Austria and Prussia, in which Liechtenstein allied itself with Austria, there came another, gravely presented protest. The citizens were weary of the expense of a standing army, an army with a captain and a trumpeter, had bravely marched toward the scene of hostilities, but too late to arrive before the war had come to its swift end.

There is now a written constitution. There is a little parliament of fifteen members. Three members are named by the prince; twelve are elected by the people, every man in Liechtenstein over twenty-four years old having a vote. The little body meets once in every year and remains in session for several weeks, engaged in the very attenuation of discussion of petty things.

It is Liechtenstein ruled by its Gulliver. And, although on account of the fiscal arrangement Austrian coins and stamps are generally used, the prince's personal pride in his possession has led him to have his own stamps and coins as well, bearing his name and face and title.

And there is another touch to add to the peculiarity of it all. Coming to Vaduz only at infrequent intervals and based as he is at his private estates or at Vienna—for, besides being sovereign prince of Liechtenstein, he bears an Austrian title by virtue of which he is a member of the Austrian house of lords—he has at any time call up his principality by long distance telephone!—Robert Shackleton in Harper's Magazine.

Bogus Advertising.

The promoter of a bogus enterprise understands the peculiarity of that portion of the public he seeks, and instead of such items he announces "The Rising Star, Ebenezer-African Mining, Development and Amelioration Corporation, Limited," in advertisements that cover solid pages in the daily papers. This is the peg of the successful advertising swindle. Show the "come on" that it's well advertised and he will throw in what ready cash he has, mortgage his house and lot and then make himself a missionary for the Rising Star, Ebenezer-African among the army of his wife's relations. When the wife's relations throughout the country have been rounded up and yielded over every-thing but their immortal souls, the Rising Star, Ebenezer, etc., goes into the hands of a receiver, and the divisions and brigades of maternal relatives may think it over. The Rising Star is never heard of again. Some months after, when things have quieted down, the promoter of that institution suddenly fares forth as the "Wind and Water Pressing and Pyrotechnical Company," controlling untold millions acres in Popocatepetl county, Salt river, jumping out of place. Again the solid newspaper page. Again what shrieks the mourners of Rising Star, Ebenezer-African have managed in the interim to save or borrow.—Atlantic.

A Quaint Epitaph.

In the churchyard of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, is perhaps the most curious gravestone in London. The stone is inscribed:

1877.

Dr. John Gardner's Last and Best Bedroom.

Who departed this life the 28th of April, 1888, in his 86th year. Also are here interred two of his Sons and two of his Grand-daughters.

Dr. John Gardner, according to T. P.'s Weekly, practiced as a worm doctor in Norton Folgate, that quaint continuation of Bishopsgate street. With-out. He was a well known character and as late as 1880 a correspondent of Notes and Queries was able to recall him as a stout, burly man, with a flaxen wig. He rode daily into London on a large roan colored horse. Some years before his death he set up his own gravestone in the churchyard of St. Leonard's and inscribed it with the words quoted.

Sauerkraut.

Here is an imaginative story illustrating the estimate that some German citizens place on sauerkraut as a food staple. A German was speaking about the high price of cabbage. "I tell you, these kebabs are awful high in price," he said. "Me and me wife puts up six, seven, eight barrels of sauerkraut every year; but we can't do your. Dem kebabs, dey cost too much." "You put up some sauerkraut, didn't you, Chris?" he was asked. "Oh, yes; two or three barrels; just to put in de house in case of sickness."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune

one year for \$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EUROPEAN TRIPS.

Some Points for the Traveler Who Would Be Economical.

The apparent cheapness of cab fares in Europe will at first lead one into unnecessary extravagance, which can easily be avoided. In every large city and many smaller ones little handbooks of the tramway lines can be had, and the cars are so plainly marked that the intelligent traveler soon learns to use them. You do not really know a city or its people until you have studied both at close range in the street cars; you are too far away from them in a cab.

Museum galleries and places are always open one day at least in each week free of charge. To arrange for a visit on this day will save quite a tidy little sum in entrance fees when the expenses are counted up at last.

To sum up, "2 a day" is a liberal allowance for living expenses, for they will not rise to this sum in cities where a long sojourn is made, and so the greater cost of short stays will be equalized to this one average. Almost all European countries offer special cut railroad rates for a number of tours during the summer months. Information as to this is obtainable in the bureau of information in every city railway station, where officials speaking English can always be found. These round trip tickets cover about everything to be seen in the country in question, and international routes can also be covered by their help at a cost less than that offered by the tourist agencies. Steamer travel is cheaper than rail, but the great time demanded makes the question of meals a serious one, as there is no helping yourself out with a sandwich bought at a station.

To be able to avail oneself of all these possibilities for saving money and really getting the most out of one's trip a good guidebook is absolutely necessary.—Pittsburgh.

MEALS AND EMOTIONS.

An Odd Difference That Exists Between Men and Women.

I cannot understand the difference between men and women about eating. It is such a radical difference and there doesn't seem to be any reason for it. It gave rise to the old saw, "The way of a man's heart is to his stomach," and many maidens have profited thereby—by gaining a permanent position as cook is to be regarded as profit.

I have seen men at the time of a great crisis, when their faces were white with emotion, when a life or a fortune, or a name, or a woman was hanging in the balance, answer a dinner call with alacrity, and eat, eat heartily. I have seen a chafing dish tempt a man from an important business engagement, and a cup of tea even make him sacrifice a train. The man who comes home a nervous wreck, cross, irritable, taciturn, after a meal to his liking is a creature to confound with, so great is the change wrought. It is an established fact that criminals eat well when awaiting trial and even execution. Men in destitute circumstances will sacrifice everything for the sake of three hearty meals a day, where, with women clothing, or, in rarer instances, reading matter, is a first consideration.

Men in distress go and eat—and eat better; if women attempt it they feel worse. The very thought of food repels them. It chokes them, and actually does them more harm than good. To eat in a time of grief seems to them sacrilege. They cry out against the necessity after days of fasting and yield only to degrees. Women cannot suffer and eat at the same time. Men can. And that is the difference I cannot understand.—Brown Book.

Smoking in Berlin Streets.

Before May 23, 1832, no smoking was allowed in the streets or parks of Berlin, and offenders were punished by a fine for the first infraction of the rule and by imprisonment afterward. The king of Prussia in those days detested smoking and the police and the military men were under strict orders to arrest any one who dared to smoke in public. It is recorded that when Napoleon occupied Berlin a hundred years ago the Berliners eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to smoke, and took a special delight in puffing smoke in the faces of the police, who had then no power to arrest them. In 1832, however, the restriction was withdrawn, and since then the people have celebrated the anniversary with great joy.

Distinctions.

"I followed good advice about returning good for evil," said Mr. Rufferty. "Casey has done me some bad turns, but he was wanted a favor, and I heaped coals of fire on him."

"Coals of fire, is it?" said Mr. Dolan. "Well, there's no great danger. As he can't past the house while ago your wife, he way to neighborly reports, tossed a bucket of water on 'im, to the chance of his burnin' alive is over!"—St. Louis Republic.

Speaking From Experience.

"If a man tells the exact truth at all times," said the philosopher, "he has done as much as ought to be expected of him."

"My friend," answered the weather forecaster, "he has done a great deal more than ought to be expected of him."—Washington Star.

A Doubtful Compliment.

He—You are just as sweet as you can be. She—I don't think that much of a compliment. You see, it all depends upon how sweet you suppose I am capable of being.—Town Topics.

Dupliques.

She—Did your sister get any duplicate wedding presents? He—Yes; she married a widower with two boys.—Yonkers Statesman.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMITHPORT PA.

reliable companies

Official Directory

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.

Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.

State Treasurer—Frank C. Harris.

Auditor General—B. B. Bradburn.

Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Boutice, Smithport.

Member of Congress—D. B. Bradburn, Bradford.

State Senator—Myron H. Bradburn, Bradford.

Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKelvey, Bradford.

District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford.

County Clerk—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisonsville.

Prothonotary—S. E. Ball, Smithport.

Recorder—H. M. Cheate, Smithport.

Register—J. B. Eastman, Smithport.

Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smithport.

County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.

Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smithport.

County Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.

Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Gurtis.

Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smithport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.

Justices—B. L. Krapp, L. C. Gleason, Constantine E. W. Jones.

High Constable—Andrew Koss.

School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary.

Superintendent—J. W. Robin, Oscar Engstrom.

Collector—E. O. Gleason.

Assessor—F. H. Freeman.

Auditors—C. C. Choute, A. H. Kidder.

Judge of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

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A Gasoline Cupid

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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"Teuf! teuf! teuf! H-r-r-r! Wough!" The automobile ceased its monotonous chant, coughed once or twice and subsided into a state of silence and abject immobility. In a moment the chauffeur was off his seat and poking about in the machinery. Then he went to the door of the carriage and touched his hat.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said, "but she's broke down and I have to go to the shop. I'm sorry, but you'll have to get around the city some other way."

The girl on the back seat, a tall, handsome blond with the bluest of blue eyes, uttered an exclamation. "If that isn't too bad! And I've got just two hours to see Washington before my train goes! Can't you call another auto for me?"

The chauffeur glanced around him. "Oh, yes," he said. "Of course. There ought to be some here on the stand now, only there isn't. But I'll go in and telephone for one right away."

"Do! Or stay, there's one waiting at the postoffice door now. Maybe it's for him."

The man looked doubtfully at the machine indicated. "Don't think so, ma'am," he answered. "That's a private machine for I miss my guess. Still, I'll ask." Leaving the girl he walked over to the curb and addressed the young man sitting on the box of a handsome automobile.

No one familiar with the new horseless vehicles would for one moment have supposed that the one in question was for hire. "Hire?" appeared in every line of its build and costume in the exquisite honesty of its construction. But the girl was from the west and had never had an opportunity to study the unlikes of machines, while the chauffeur hoped that by apparent desire to serve he might yet gain the hire he had lost by the breaking down of his own machine.

That anything but an instant negative would be the answer to his query "whether that machine was for hire?" had never passed his mind, so his astonishment may be guessed when the young man on the box started, glanced at the girl still sitting in the injured vehicle a short distance away, frowned deeply and replied in the affirmative. Then, without waiting for further explanation, he promptly ran his machine to the side of the other and halted to



INSTANTLY THE CHAUFFEUR HAVING AROUND IN HIS SEAT

permitted the girl to climb in. The next moment they were swinging down the avenue at a lively gait.

The girl leaned forward. "Ahem!" she said. "Did the other man tell you where I wanted to go?"

"Said you wanted to see the city, ma'am," returned the young man respectfully, but in a curiously muffled tone. He had kept his head averted, almost as if he wished to conceal his features, a wish which it was a wish in which he had been successful. The girl had looked at the machine, but not at its driver.

When the chauffeur spoke she started and glanced curiously at him, as though his voice struck some dormant chord in her memory. "Yes," she said. "I do want to see the city, but I want to get to the depot at 3 o'clock. My train goes out then."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll get you there in time, going east, ma'am?"

Again the girl looked at him curiously. "Yes," she answered slowly. "I'm on my way to college."

"Oh—er—you believe in the higher education of women then?"

The girl's eyes were dancing with fun now. "Under certain circumstances," she said. "Is that the capital?"

"Yes, that's the capital. Under certain circumstances? What circumstances, for instance?"

"Oh, a stepmother at home, for instance. How many senators are there?"

"Three hundred and eighty-six, I believe. A stepmother might be a terror to some girls, of course, but most of them can get away from one home to another without going to college."

"How? By the way, is that the library?"

"Yes. Why, of course, most girls have—have—can marry." The man was speaking eagerly now, but he still

kept his face turned away and threw the words over his shoulder.

"Married! Whew! That's a very radical remedy. It might be worse than the other trouble. How many books are there in the library?"

"Two or three million, I believe. Oh, no! You wouldn't find it so, I'm sure. Think of growing into a spotted old maid! All college girls do, you know. Then think of that young fellow just longing to make a home for you!"

"What building is that?"

"That? Oh, the patent office or the pension office or something! Think or—"

"But suppose the girl has sent him away?"

"Then let her whistle him back and see whether he won't come."

The girl glanced at the broad back of the man before her, while her shoulders quivered with silent mirth. Then she puckered up her lips and deliberately emitted a clear, soft whistle.

The effect was magical. Instantly the chauffeur swung around in his seat and faced her. "Bessie!" he exclaimed, "do you mean it?"

"The girl smiled at him, though her eyes were down. "Of course I do, Frank," she said. "I never thought you would go away as you did just for a word. No! No! Keep your seat. You can say all that's really necessary from where you are."

"And you knew me all the time?"

"Of course! The minute I really looked at you. But you'll make me miss my train."

"Train? No train for you! I'll not take any chances now. Your interest in the city may have lapsed, but here's the city hall. Shall I go in and get a marriage license, or will you go in with me?"

He had sprung from the seat and stood holding out his hands, the light of love pleading in his eyes. "Won't you go in with me, Bessie?" he asked again.

For an instant the girl hesitated, then she took the proffered hand. "Yes, Frank," she said softly. "I will go with you—now and always."

"Bless that old gasoline rattletrap that broke down with you," he cried. "It must have been one of Cupid's up to date chariots in disguise."

Table Manners in Argentina.

"We encamped near a swamp," says a gentleman, describing a meal he had several years ago with some car drivers in South America. "And supper on sliced pumpkins boiled with bits of meat and seasoned with salt. The meal was served in genuine pampa fashion. One iron spoon and two cow's horns split in halves were passed around the group, the members of which squatted upon their haunches and freely helped themselves from the kettle. Even in this most uncivilized form of satisfaction hunger there is a peculiar etiquette which the most lovely person invariably observes. Each member of the company in turn dips his spoon, or horn into the center of the stew and draws it in a direct line toward him, never allowing it to deviate to the right or left. By observing this rule each person eats without interfering with his neighbor. Being ignorant of this custom, I dipped my horn into the mess at random and fished about for some of the nice bits. My companions regarded this horrid breach of politeness with scornful impatience. They declared with some warmth to the cook that foreigners did not know how to eat. I apologized as well as I could and endeavored thereafter to eat according to gaucho etiquette."

Those Queer Women.

"Women are mighty queer about some things," remarked a conductor the other day. "I've been watching them for ten years on this line, and every day I see some new peculiarity. You just watch the next one that gets in. There's one vacant seat left, and she'll walk up to it and turn clear around in her tracks before she sits down. Here comes one now."

"Sure enough, the woman who stepped on the car just then spied the empty seat, made for it and, refusing to turn clear around before she sat down."

"You see how it is," continued the conductor, returning after taking her fare. "They all do it. There isn't one woman in ten but who turns around before she takes her seat. Perhaps it's natural for 'em, just as it is for a dog to whirl around three times before he lies down. I've seen more than one woman lose her seat by having some one else slip into it while she was going through her preliminary turn. But a little lesson like that doesn't do them any good. They keep on turning around before taking a seat just the same."—Exchange.

East Indian Worship.

In the census report of India, a government publication, it is gravely related that native clerks actually worship the tools of administration. At the time of the vernal equinox there is a festival known as Sri Panchami, when the orderlies celebrate on the flat roof of the buildings occupied by the secretaries of the government of India. The worshippers take one of the large packing cases which are used to convey office records from Simla to Calcutta and drape its rough woodwork with plantain leaves and branches of the sacred pipal. This structure, crowned with an official dispatch box, serves as an altar, and in the center thereof is placed the sacred symbol—a common glass inkpot with a screw top, flanked by paper, pens, sealing wax, ink erasers and such office paraphernalia, the whole festooned and adorned by, coil upon coil of red tape. To this symbol of godhead offerings of food are made, while texts from the Vedas are recited by the Brahman officiating as priest.

Charmvintism.

Charmvintism is a term that has come to mean an extravagant and absurd patriotism and pride in one's own country, with a corresponding enmity toward and contempt for foreign nations. It is the French equivalent for the jingoism of the London music halls after Lord Beaconsfield's return from the conquest of Egypt in 1882. The origin of the word is due to Charmvint, the name of a figure in the comedy "La Comedie Tricorne" (1831) by the authors Theodore and Hippolyte Cormont, the action in which includes the conquest of Algeria. Charmvint is a young recruit who speaks French, displays great courage and sings several couplets with the refrain, "Je suis Français, je suis Charmvint, j'ai sur le bouton." The authors of the comedy, however, borrowed the name from that of Nicholas Chavivint, an old soldier of Napoleon, well known in his time in Paris for his devoted enthusiasm for the emperor. Chavivint is a Latinized form of the same family name.

No Danger of a Salt Famine.

The amount of salt in the sea water of the globe, if extracted, would be greater in mass than the land so far as it appears above the surface. The seas cover 73 per cent of the earth's surface, estimated at 9,200,000 (German) square miles. The percentage of chlorination in the sea is the same at all depths. Assuming that the average depth of the sea is a half (German) mile, there are then 3,400,000 cubic miles of sea water. A cubic mile of sea water contains on the average about twenty-five kilograms of salt. The 3,400,000 cubic miles of sea water would therefore contain 85,000 cubic miles of distilled pure salt. From the German.

Tibetan Praying Wheel.

To the Yellow God, the Black God, the White God and the Green God. Please kindly take us all up with you and do not leave us unprotected, but destroy our enemies! Such a prayer is to be found on a Tibetan praying wheel. The Tibetan is a martyr to folklore, conceiving, as he does, his spiritual life to be a struggle against demons which are just as hard to conquer as the passes and deserts of his country. A novel feature of this prayer wheel, which the Tibetan spends much of his time in turning, is that if turned the wrong way everything done before is undone.

ONIONS AND SOUP.

One Girl's Imagination Was Better Than Her Palate.

"Make some chocolate and some cream tomato soup. I think that will be enough, with the apple sauce we had left from yesterday and those nice bakery rolls that came this morning," said Helen Boswick to the cook, who had come to the sitting room door to see what the "young ladies" wished for luncheon.

"And, Molly," called Helen as the good natured Irish girl was leaving the room, "be sure to put a little onion in the soup. It's perfectly flat without it."

"Sure, Miss Helen," answered Molly, Laura Boswick, who was visiting her cousin Helen while their mothers were in the south together, looked up as if about to speak and then, suddenly changing her mind, closed her lips.

An hour later the girls left their family work and sat down at the luncheon table. Molly brought in the steaming soup, and Helen began eating it with apparent satisfaction, while Laura put her spoon into her dish very gingerly and took the nearest taste.

"I'm so fond of cream tomato soup, with just a touch of onion in it," said Helen in a few minutes. "Why, Laura, you have eaten secretly any of yours. Why didn't you tell me that you didn't like it? We could just as well have had something else."

"I do like it usually," replied Laura, who never found it easy to dissimble. "Isn't it made the way you like it? I was quite particular to tell Molly how I wanted it."

"Yes, I know you were," Laura was making a brave effort to force a spoonful of it down. "It's very nice, I'm sure, but you see, Helen, I never eat anything flavored with onions. It's so inconceivable to me to like them. But I seem to be unable to eat them in any shape or manner."

"Well, they have such a pronounced flavor that I suppose if you do dislike them you must dislike them very much indeed. I'll have Molly cook an egg for you."

"Oh, no, please don't. I hate to have anything extra done for me. I can make a fine meal of those good rolls and this delicious apple sauce."

"Well, I'm telling you that you had spoken when I was talking to you to put in the onion."

"I was going to, and then I knew from what you said that if it was made to suit my taste, it would be spoiled for you. It's a small matter anyway. Another says most of us give too much importance to what we eat. And I'm sure she is right. Let's talk about something else."

As often happens when a change of subject is desired, neither could think for a moment of anything to say. Before either girl had made a remark Molly entered the dining room.

"I just wanted to say, Miss Helen, that I hope you won't think I forgot your orders about the onion in the soup. I'd have put some in, like you said, but I never noticed till the soup was most done and 'twas too late to send for any that there wasn't a scrap of an onion in the house."

"Very well," said Helen. As Molly disappeared the cousins looked at each other in chagrin for an instant and then burst into laughter. "You're a Companion."

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Charmvintism.

Charmvintism is a term that has come to mean an extravagant and absurd patriotism and pride in one's own country, with a corresponding enmity toward and contempt for foreign nations. It is the French equivalent for the jingoism of the London music halls after Lord Beaconsfield's return from the conquest of Egypt in 1882. The origin of the word is due to Charmvint, the name of a figure in the comedy "La Comedie Tricorne" (1831) by the authors Theodore and Hippolyte Cormont, the action in which includes the conquest of Algeria. Charmvint is a young recruit who speaks French, displays great courage and sings several couplets with the refrain, "Je suis Français, je suis Charmvint, j'ai sur le bouton." The authors of the comedy, however, borrowed the name from that of Nicholas Chavivint, an old soldier of Napoleon, well known in his time in Paris for his devoted enthusiasm for the emperor. Chavivint is a Latinized form of the same family name.

No Danger of a Salt Famine.

The amount of salt in the sea water of the globe, if extracted, would be greater in mass than the land so far as it appears above the surface. The seas cover 73 per cent of the earth's surface, estimated at 9,200,000 (German) square miles. The percentage of chlorination in the sea is the same at all depths. Assuming that the average depth of the sea is a half (German) mile, there are then 3,400,000 cubic miles of sea water. A cubic mile of sea water contains on the average about twenty-five kilograms of salt. The 3,400,000 cubic miles of sea water would therefore contain 85,000 cubic miles of distilled pure salt. From the German.

Tibetan Praying Wheel.

To the Yellow God, the Black God, the White God and the Green God. Please kindly take us all up with you and do not leave us unprotected, but destroy our enemies! Such a prayer is to be found on a Tibetan praying wheel. The Tibetan is a martyr to folklore, conceiving, as he does, his spiritual life to be a struggle against demons which are just as hard to conquer as the passes and deserts of his country. A novel feature of this prayer wheel, which the Tibetan spends much of his time in turning, is that if turned the wrong way everything done before is undone.

The Girl From the East

By Marjorie A. Barkley

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There was excitement among the young officers at Fort Wayne when Hicks, the little corporal who wore his cap on the side of his head, spread the report that the girl from the east had come and had been escorted to Colonel Klein's house.

During that first day there was an unusual amount of promenade in the Officers' row. Lieutenants, sergeants and even corporals found time to walk in approved military style, past the colonel's quarters, and there was one who showed signs neither of excitement nor interest. It was Captain Roberts. He told his friend, a first lieutenant, that he wouldn't go around the corner to see twenty girls. Where at the lieutenant granted and said something about behavior in the Philippines, adding, with frank sarcasm: "You're a peach, you are, to pose as a woman hater after cutting me out with the little sonorita so gleam that every fellow in the regiment was afraid to have you see his girl. I know you all right, old pal, and I'll bet with the rest that you take your little stroll in the row on the heels of some big-headed corporal. I passed the house myself, he owned boldly, and I saw her too. She's a regular beauty, Dick."

But even his best friend failed to awaken the interest of the captain. He went so far as to get into civilian's clothes that same afternoon and leave the fort for a walk in the river road. This, by the critical corporals, was considered a strike up.

When the captain reached a sandy strip of beach a mile or more from the fort he stretched out at full length and gazed at the water where freight and passenger steamers passed on their routes to the great lakes.

His thoughts, whether they were upon commerce or navigation, were profound indeed, for he started when he heard the rustle of a woman's skirts and saw from the corner of his eye that a girl was approaching. He moved a little, but did not look in her direction until the girl stopped and said softly: "I beg your pardon, but isn't this—It is! Dick, I knew it was you!"

Captain Roberts spring to his feet and looked into the girl's flushed face. "It's Margaret, Dick," she said. "Peggy?"

Roberts took the hand she offered. "Peggy," he said wonderingly. "Peggy, you take my breath away. Where did you come from?"

"I'm staying at Colonel Klein's, but where did you come from?"

"You, at the fort?" he asked incredulously. "That's where I live. Sit down here on this rock. Peggy, Peggy Adams, do you realize how you have surprised me? When did you strike these parts?"

"This morning."

"Not then you're the girl from the east? They've been talking about you for weeks."

"How lovely of them—and you?"

"Why, I'm up there, too."

"These clothes?" she said doubtfully.

"Are they?" he finished, smiling. "I wear a uniform, ma'am."

"Oh! And what are you—that rank?"

"Captain," he said briefly. "Peggy, how you have grown up."

"Live it," she laughed. "And so have you, about two feet higher, and you want to West Point after all?"

"Yes, father insisted."

"Do you like the army?"

"Oh, yes, when we see active service."

"Then you have seen active service in the Spanish-American war?"

"Oh, tell me about it."

"Roberts laughed. 'I will some time,' he said. 'I will tell you anything you ask, but let's talk about you now. Where have you been all these years?'"

"School and college and around at places."

"That means traveling, I suppose, yet you never visited West Point?"

"Never. I didn't know that you were there, that you had gone back. You know you said."

"Yes, I said several things about that time. You haven't forgotten them?"

"Forgotten? Oh, Dick, I couldn't forget. Never! Wasn't it dreadful?"

"It was rather a bad mess, but wasn't at least I showed remarkably good taste, though you weren't as beautiful then as you are now."

"I can't snub you for that," the girl said, with carefully lowered eyelids. "It sounds genuine. You always were thoroughly going Dick."

"Yes, I was. In earnest," he said, smiling. "You were my first sweetheart." He laughed again. "My how you cried when the minister refused to marry us. I flattered myself that you were disappointed, but it really was your pride, you poor little girl."

He regarded the poor little girl, blushing face with tender affection. "I think that the old minister was the sweetest man I ever met. He knew that we were young. How gentle he was and tactful. I have always thought of him with thankfulness akin to love."

"I thought he was a regular old duffer, but it appears that I am the only one who was in real earnest," he said tentatively.

Peggy laughed. "Do you remember my high-heeled boots?" she asked, ignoring his remark.

"Oh, don't I, though! You tripped, and I had the delicious joy of catching you in my arms. But do you remember how I saved money? I've roared over

my witness more than once. You know I had only \$25 to my name, and I said that carriages were too slow and that we would much better take a car."

"I had forgotten that," Peggy said, "but I remember how fighting mad you were when papa rushed in. You stood between him and me and said, 'Sir, your daughter has consented to become my wife! Oh, Dick, wasn't it funny?'"

"Yes," he said slowly. "Sometimes it seems funny to me and sometimes it seems strangely tragic. That we were such babies is the only saving fact. Poor kids!" He sighed and turned his eyes from the girl's face. "I suppose you're engaged now?" he said.

"No."

"How does that happen?"

She shook her head. "And you?" she said.

"Engaged? No, indeed. I never saw but one lovely girl in my life."

"And she wouldn't marry you?"

"She wouldn't. There will never be another. I lost track of her."

"But you don't forget her?" the girl asked softly.

"I never forgot her for a minute. But it's too late to find her now. She doesn't care for me anyway."

"Oh, Dick, don't say that. Any girl ought to care for you. Just the fact that you stay true to one woman should be enough. Don't give up and spoil it."

"Will you give me a recommendation?" he asked, smiling. "Say that none of my relatives were hanged or something like that?"

"I could say much better things. It is beautiful that you want to find her. I like it, Dick. And I think the girl will like it."

"Oh, that's silly, Dick," she said quickly. "You know you won't. She looked past Roberts and frowned unpleasantly. "It's going to rain," she murmured, "and I'm cold."

"Oh, I suppose so," Dick said gloomily. "She'd say that too. That's why I didn't hunt her up."

"But it's going to rain. There, I felt a drop, Dick."

Roberts rose quickly and looked toward the fort.

"By Jove, it is, Peggy. I didn't notice those clouds. Here comes the wind. We'll have to stand under those trees till it blows over. I'm mighty sorry that I didn't notice it. It slipped off his coat and wrapped it about the girl's shoulders."

"Oh, don't, Dick," she protested. "Please. You know girls don't take cold as easily as men. They're used to exposure."

They ran to a clump of trees and Roberts made the girl kneel by a low stone wall that ran at the side of the road.

"Dick, I don't want you to stand there in the rain. Please take your coat."

He smiled down at her. "What a foolish little girl it is," he said. "But I'll kneel beside you if you think it's safe."

She raised her questioning eyes to his. "I wish you would," she said. "I don't like to have you take such a terrible risk, and just to protect me when I can keep dry in this corner as well as not."

Roberts dropped to his knees and leaned against the wall.

Her Soft Soap Acquaintance

By James Norfleet

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When Farmer James Thompson mortgaged his farm to old John Doan that he might raise money to go into the dairy business he could figure out that he had twenty chances of success against one of failure. Inside of three years, however, misfortune had come to him in half a dozen different directions. Most of his herd had perished when his barn had been struck by a thunderbolt, and following that his wife had died and he had fallen and broken a leg. There could be only one more calamity in store for him, and that put in an appearance in due time. One day when a letter had come for him he called his daughter Bessie in and said:

"Well, it has come. Old John Doan is going to foreclose the mortgage on me, and in a few weeks we shall be homeless. Here's the notice from his man of business."

Bessie Thompson was a girl of twenty. In addition to being good looking and having a good education, her acquaintances called her a "bride."

They said so because she had faced misfortune with a braver heart than her father and had displayed a level head and unshaken shrewdness in trying to stem the tide and extricate him from his unfortunate situation. She had even taken a trip of fifty miles to see old John Doan in person and try to soften his heart, but had only found his agent and been gruffly told that her father must pay up or go. She had expected the blow, and her answer to her father was:

"Well, if we can't pay we'll have to go, of course, but we shall be allowed a few weeks' grace, and who knows what may happen in that time?"

Something did happen, but it came about in a queer way. Two weeks had passed, and Miss Bessie had started to make soft soap in a big kettle in the back yard. Farmer folks would make soft soap in the spring even though assured that the world would be no more by midsummer. The big kettle had been filled with lye from the beach and a fire started under it, and the hour was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when Miss Bessie sat down on the back doorstep out of the smoke to think and plan for the future. In the course of a quarter of an hour she was so lost in her thoughts that she was oblivious of her surroundings and was jumped to her feet by hearing a harsh voice say:

"Young woman, don't you know that kettle is boiling over and wasting the lye?"

It was a man of sixty who had entered the front gate and passed around the house. He was decently dressed, but he was bow-legged and lame, and his startling, stony disposition could be read in his face.

"I say that the kettle is boiling over," he repeated as she stared at him and wondered who he could be. "It seems to me that if you of your age ought to know enough to put a stick across it. Perhaps, though, you've got lye to throw away or you had rather think of marrying some prince than of making soft soap?"

"I was thinking," she stammered. "Yes, I know, but it wasn't about the soap. Young woman, when you have anything on hand attend to it and let the kettle alone. Thinkings won't bring bread and butter."

Miss Bessie walked down to the fire and rearranged it a bit and then laid a stick across the top of the kettle to prevent another accident. While she was doing this the old man sat down on the steps, with a grunt, and looked around and muttered to himself. Presently he called to her:

"Young woman, is your father at work anywhere about the farm?"

"No, sir. Father is in bed with a broken leg."

"I suppose he was doing some foot thing when he broke it?"

"He was drawing up wood last February."

"Um! Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"Um! Who runs the farm?"

"I'm doing my best to care for things, but I won't need anybody long, as we shall soon be leaving."

"Got to leave, eh?" he chuckled. "Say, young woman, I'll bet you a hair-pin there's a mortgage on this farm. Isn't it so?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I'll bet another that it's held by old John Doan, the old flint-hearted rascal. Come now."

"Yes."

"I thought so, I thought so. And, of course, he's going to turn you out?"

"He wants his money, of course," replied the girl. "Perhaps he has to be hard hearted to prevent people taking advantage of him. If I could see him and tell him just how things have gone with us I believe he would give us a show."

"Well, why don't you see him?"

"I have tried to, but I had to deal with his agent."

"Yes, yes! Um, um! So your father is in bed with a broken leg and you are trying to run the farm? I see. Can you cook and wash?"

"Of course."

"Know enough to milk a cow and do churning?"

"Yes, quite enough."

"Who makes your clothes?"

"I should come here and let you look at it. Dentist—I see. It must come out. Won't take but a minute. Now be a brave little man, and I'll—Boy (hastily backing off)—Mamma didn't say I should let you look at it, she only said I should let you look at it."

"Nothing but praise."

"Mr. Richey had nothing but praise for your work for him before the citizens' committee," said the friend.

"Yes," replied the lobbyist gloomily, "nothing but praise."—Philadelphia Press.

"And how about corn?"

"From four to six kernels."

"Yes. And do you play the piano?"

"Fairly well."

"Wonderful young woman—positive wonderful!" he chuckled as he rubbed his hands together. "Another question or two and I'll be going. Of course you expect to get married some day?"

"I—I don't know," stammered the blushing Bessie.

"But I do. Of course you expect to, and your chance has come. What do you say to me? I'm pretty high sixty, but I'm worth half a million dollars and can buy you silk dresses and velvet and diamonds. Just say the word and we'll be married in a month, and I'll save the farm for your father and give him a new start."

"I thank you, sir," replied Miss Bessie, with dignity, "but I shall marry for love or not at all."

"You are plain of speech, Miss Bessie, but I'm not going to quarrel with you. You go your way and I'll go mine, but if you let that soft soap spoil I'll come back and raise a row."

A week later Farmer Thompson, who was making an effort to bobble about his room, received a letter in an official envelope. He opened it with a sinking heart, but next minute he was calling to Bessie:

"Here is a discharge of mortgage as a present to me!" he gasped.

"Is it possible?"

"And here is a letter from old John Doan, which says that you are the most sensible girl he ever saw, even to refusing his offer of marriage when you were making soft soap that day, Bessie."

But Bessie had run away to cry.

Business Before Pleasure.

They were performers in the amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time while their presence was not needed on the stage they sat together behind the scenes.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing. But as they sat behind the scenes he felt that an opportune moment had arrived.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking; but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—be—"

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the interrupted lover.

"Yes," she answered calmly enough, laying her hand on his arm, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"

Start of an Iowa Lawyer.

An Iowa lawyer tells the following story of his first months of practice. He went to a small country town and secured an office room in front of which was placed the usual sign. Then he sat down and waited for his clients to appear. All the while feeling very much the dignity of his position. The day passed, and no one called, and another and another, until weeks went by, and still there had been no client.

One morning, however, he was at the depot to attend upon the arrival of the daily accommodation train, quite an important function of the town, when a handsome, well-dressed young lady approached and inquired, "Is this Mr. Smith?"

At once the feeling of importance returned, and in his blindest moment he replied, "It is, madam. What can I do for you?"

"Can you tell me how much it will cost to send a sow and pigs down to the next station?"—Green Bag.

The Peach.

Peaches are a tonic, an aperient, a food and a drink combined, or, to put it briefly, they are meat and medicine. A good meal may be made out of peaches with cream and sugar, bread and butter. After a meal of this variety a person will feel more like attending to the duties of the afternoon than if he or she indulged in heavy foods. Peaches are good before breakfast and after dinner. They are good for the digestion, good for the blood and good for the complexion. Some people eat them without cream or sugar and with good results. The fruit is so rich in sugar and acid that it preserves its flavor a long while, but to get the full benefit it should be eaten as soon as it is ripe. Richness of the nose due to congestion, inflamed complexion, scrofulous and bilious tendencies are said to be materially improved by a liberal consumption of this delicious fruit.

The Thrifty Piedmontese.

In character the Piedmontese are very unlike the popular conception of the Italian people. As a class the peasants are sober, industrious and thrifty. The following instance of the thrift of the peasants has in it a touch of pathos. On one occasion, having given a cigar to a boarder (herdsman), I found afterward that the precious weed had lasted the recipient a whole month, a few whiffs only being taken after the evening meal, and then it was carefully laid aside till the next evening.

Whether the custom which still obtains in some parts of Piedmont of regarding the harmless, necessary domestic cat as a delicate morsel is to be put down to thrift or merely to a perverted appetite is doubtful, but it is well known that to all the pot-au-feu of a Piedmontese peasant is the usual fate of wandering or homeless felines.—Eustace Reynolds-Ball in Chambers' Journal.

Dutiful For Once.

Boy—My tooth aches, and mamma said I should come here and let you look at it. Dentist—I see. It must come out. Won't take but a minute. Now be a brave little man, and I'll—Boy (hastily backing off)—Mamma didn't say I should let you look at it, she only said I should let you look at it."

Nothing but Praise.

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"Yes," replied the lobbyist gloomily, "nothing but praise."—Philadelphia Press.

FEARLESS FIGHTERS

POLAR BEARS ARE CUNNING AND FURIOUS IN BATTLE.

The Way One of These Arctic Terrorists Handled Six Assassins—During of Eskimo Hunters—How the Bears Catch and Worry the Seals.

When a winter is unusually severe in Baffin Land and Labrador the polar bears wander off among the ice floes in greater numbers than usual in quest of seals, upon which they chiefly feed, and on these occasions the crews of the Newfoundland sealing fleet have many encounters with these monsters.

When he is well fed the polar bear is easily worried, but if hungry he fights with fury. Hence encounters with bears are not sought unless fishermen are included in the party, but sometimes there is no alternative. On one occasion several men armed only with seal clubs had to fight an old male bear.

One man thought he saw a seal behind a hummock and started off after it, a second following him. Just as the first topped the hummock he raised his club and struck when to his horror he found he had hit a polar bear over the snout. The bear turned on him with an angry growl and would have dispatched him with a single stroke if the second man had not got in and hit him on the snout also. This blow half stunned him, and he fell backward into a small hole of water.

Still, though dazed, he struggled to get out, and so there was nothing for it but to fight him, and this the men did successfully, the whole seven joining in the struggle. Yet he broke one man's ankle, lacerated another's thigh and splintered the arm of a third man before he gave in. His skin and fat weighed 400 pounds and his carcass probably as much more, so that he was as bulky as a small horse.

On another occasion there was a fierce fight, within full view of a ship's crew, between a bear and six men. Bruta had been asleep for the night on a small patch of ice and was awakened in the early morning by the sound of the steamer's whistle, blown to call her crew to their day's toil. The bear, aroused from slumber, raised himself on his hind paws with a mighty growl, as if in challenge to the ship. His defiance was accepted in this sense by six young seamen, who promptly made at him with only their clubs.

The bear was unable to leave the small patch he was on, owing to six enemies assailing him, and so he had to fight it out there. He made a game defense, too, notwithstanding all attacks of his adversaries. One of these struck at him with a club, but he reared up, caught it in his mouth and jerked it from the owner's hand, and shaking it as a terrier would a rat, hurriedly banged the owner with it and felled him senseless with a blow over the head. The other assailants he kept off also in the same way, and it was not till a man came from the ship with a rifle and put four bullets through him that he showed any weakness.

At last he became dazed, and a well-directed blow on the snout stunned him, while a shower more apparently killed him.

A rope was lashed around his body and he was swung up by the ship's winch to be got on board, but just as he came over the rail the rope broke and he disappeared from view in the water. The cold bath revived him, for in about five minutes he was seen to emerge in a blowhole in a floe, and after two or three painful attempts laboriously climbed on to a high pan. Three men were at once dispatched after him, and he was stunned, stabbed to the heart and then dragged to the ship to be skinned. He was nearly five feet long and twelve feet in largest girth, and was altogether a formidable adversary.

Men who go to the seal fisheries for the sport or experience as passengers in the crews of the fleet usually derive their keenest enjoyment from stalking polar bears as it is quite a novel form of big game hunting. The scene is the great floating ice field, and from hummock to hummock and berg to berg the hunter will dog his prey until a lucky shot will enable him to bring down the victim.

Snuffing encephalitis will never let their guests go off unattended on such a mission, but send a couple of expert fishermen with them, as at times Mr. and Mrs. Bear and their offspring may be at home on the floe, and they would be rather too formidable a combination for the inexperienced hunter.

The Eskimo of Greenland and Baffin Land are notable bear hunters. The Eskimos have trained their dogs to run the creatures down and torment them until they can come up themselves and give the hunters with lance or gun. The spring of the Eskimo hunters is great, and they will attack the infuriated bear the moment they come within striking range.

In northern Labrador they are also to be got in goodly numbers. One season a Newfoundland fishing skipper found two of them entangled in his nets in Or'Brien harbor, at the entrance to Engava bay, and was able to kill them with but little trouble. Another skipper sighted a third and sent two men in a boat after him, but their first shot only wounded the brute, and he made back at them, upset and tore apart their boat and badly gashed one of the men before the schooner ran down and poured a whole battery of bullets into him.

The Hudson Bay company's factors are always keen to secure skins of this white water bear. Last year one station secured fourteen of these skins, the largest of which measured thirteen feet and brought \$15 at the company's annual auction in London. Another station, Nakvak, the most northern and therefore the best situated for them, collects about sixty a year. About 400 bears are killed along Labrador every twelvemonth.

These bears are extraordinarily cunning. They catch seals in exactly the same way as the Eskimo, by waiting at a blowhole, having first built up a little wall around it. They show themselves almost human in grasping a seal when it comes up to breathe and transferring it to the ice.

If the bear is not hungry he will play with the seal just as a cat does with a mouse, patting it till it wriggles away, catching it again, tossing it into the air and torturing it in various ways, but always keeping between it and the blowhole, and eventually killing it by jumping on it with all four paws.

The bears also will wait, nose down, against the floe by which seals, narwhals and even white whales swim, and when one of these will rise to breathe, spring upon it like a cat on a sparrow, hugging and tearing it to death in the water and eventually dragging it up on the ice, to be devoured at leisure. When no better food offers they subsist on some of the innumerable diving birds that abound in northern seas. The bear will immerse himself in the water where the birds are swimming, and then, stalking beneath it, will leave only the black nose visible up to which the unwitting bird swims, only to find itself a victim to his maw.

It is while abroad on the ice that the bears are carried off by adverse winds and swept south to perish of starvation. On one occasion the steamship Hanover, crossing the Grand banks on the way to Baltimore, sighted an iceberg on which were moving objects first thought to be human beings, but subsequently seen to be six polar bears. They had been ferried hundreds of miles from their Arctic home and were doomed to perish by drowning or hunger. Similar scenes are often witnessed by the crews of vessels fishing on the Grand Banks.

On another occasion two eastward fishermen from one of the ships on the banks pulled toward an iceberg to get some fragments to melt into driftnet water, but found it tenanted by a starving polar bear, which plunged into the sea and made after them on cutting flight of them. They had to row their boat to escape, as these bears can swim as well as seals, and it was only when he saw he could not reach them that he returned to his lonely lair, believing forth his groans of rage the while—St. John's (N. B.) Cor. Detroit Tribune.

Spanish Etiquette.

There is a curious story of how the Duke d'Aosta, when king of Spain, told a minister to whom he was talking to cover himself, the sun being hot, forgetting that by so doing he made him a grandee. Marshal Prim, to prevent this catastrophe, knocked the duke's hat out of his hand, and according to some the minister had something to do with the assassination that followed a few days afterward.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership of Fry & Herzog has been dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts owing to said firm may be paid to Sanford L. Fry or William O. Herzog. Sanford L. Fry, William O. Herzog. Smethport, Pa., June 21, 1904.

Special Low Rates to St. Louis.

Permitting stop off at Chicago without additional cost. For full particulars see local agents or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the ALBION. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

\$14.00 Buffalo to St. Louis.

Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good seven days. See Local Agents, or Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

Estray Notice.

Came to my premises about three weeks ago a large liver and white setter dog. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Otherwise dog will be disposed of according to law. ALBERT HAZEN. Smethport, Pa., July 8, 1904.

For Sale.

25 cloth bound volumes of Scott's works for \$15. All new. Inquire at this office.

THE CLARION STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers—Prepares Young People for College—Offers excellent Facilities for General Education. FREE Tuition for Prospective Teachers. Board, Room Rent and Laundry for School Year, 43 weeks, \$127.00; for Fall Term, 16 weeks, \$49.00. Station of Pittsburgh, Summerville and Clarion—Railroad—directly opposite Normal Laundry. Fall term opens Tuesday, September 6, 1904. For further particulars address Principal Normal School, Clarion, Pa.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, \$12.00. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents who do the "talking."

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